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WHEELER'S GRADED READERS

A THIRD READER

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WHEELER'S GRADED READERS

A THIRD READER

BY

GAIL CALMERTON

AND

WILLIAM H. WHEELER

CHICAGO

W. H. WHEELER & COMPANY

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PREFACE.

It is well to keep in mind constantly that there are two very distinct aspects involved in presenting the subject of reading to a child. What is generally called elementary reading, is reading for the purpose of learning how to read; and what is generally called advanced reading, is reading for the knowledge and culture acquired thereby.

At the beginning and also at the end of the reading process these two aspects are clearly defined. The beginning is clearly a process of *learning to read.* The end is just as clearly a process of *reading to learn.* But the transition from the former to the latter is not abrupt. Through the whole process of learning to read there is a secondary purpose of getting thought, just as in reading for thought there is a secondary purpose of improving the pupil's skill or power to read. Both motives should always be present, but it is a matter of great importance that the teacher should know, at each stage of the work, which motive is primary, which is the principal thing to do. Throughout the process there is a gradual lessening of the mechanical processes and a corresponding increase in the emphasis to be given to the true ends of reading, — culture and information; and the increasing ease with which the reading is done is the true measure of advancement. The Third Reader represents, very nearly, the middle ground, and must, therefore, present both aspects of the reading process.

It is a great thing to know how to read well, and the principal thing that teachers can do for a child is to teach him to read intelligently. The difference between reading and reading *well* means everything for all the reading done in a lifetime. We believe that good oral reading need not be one of the lost arts. It is an art that, with care and patience and much practice, may be acquired by every

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boy and girl. Children who like to read are pretty sure to become good readers.

The easiest way to teach reading is to make every lesson so simple that the children can read it easily, and so full of interest that they will take delight in reading it. Children will never acquire the habit of reading by reading what they do not enjoy.

We have tried to find stories which will interest the children and which will bear reading again and again. We have tried to keep the vocabulary small and the sentences short and simple. We have also tried to introduce a great deal of conversation, which naturally leads to good expression.

We believe that if children are given stories that they like, written in language that they can read with ease, they will read them in a natural tone and will make others understand and enjoy them. They will let the thought and the feeling of what they read come from their hearts as well as from their lips. This is the secret of good expression.

Of course they cannot do this if they have to stop and guess at the words and their meaning. In this reader all of the new words that are likely to offer the slightest difficulties are placed in the word lists at the head of each lesson. But if the children find a word now and then which they do not know, they should carefully read the sentence in which it is used. If this does not help them to get the meaning, they should either look it up in a dictionary or ask the teacher to explain it. They should then use the word in sentences of their own. It is only by learning the meaning of all the words that they can understand the stories and the poems, and make their reading a pleasure to themselves and to others.

The purpose of these selections is thus twofold, — to continue the fundamental processes of *learning to read* and to create and foster a taste for good reading. To attain these ends easily, naturally, surely, and clearly is the mission of this reader. But we do not believe that a child's introduction to the rich realm of literature will be or can be hastened by forcing him to read in this grade selections, even from the best authors, which are too difficult for him. The great authors of the past wrote chiefly for the adult mind, and gave little thought

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to childish taste and capacity. No one is more anxious than we are to have every child learn to love all the best things in the permanent literature of the world. We maintain, however, that there is no better or surer way to make a child hate all literature than to insist upon his reading in the second and third grades literature which is too deep for him, — selections which are entirely beyond his ability to read or his power to understand. But many things can be and should be read to him which he cannot read for himself. He will enjoy hearing Homer before he is able to read fairy stories for himself.

The fairy story is very near and dear to the child. The fairy world is his ideal world, and in this ideal world he finds life "as it ought to be." Of course he knows it is not real; knows that it is make-believe. But every one knows that a large part of the life of every child is a series of "make-believes." And it is good for him to become acquainted with perfection, even in "make-believes." The fairy stories furnish the child's imagination with a great source of pleasure and with one of its best forms of exercise. They also furnish a rich treasury of memories, — memories that are in fact the child's hereditary right.

The fable is also near to the life of a child. It seems quite natural to him that animals should talk like men. The fable is one of the oldest forms of teaching. Its brevity, its unity, and its simplicity of style make it easy to read. Like the fairy story, it is part of the literary possessions of the race; it recurs again and again in literary and in common allusions, and is thus one of the links between the primary school and the later literary life.

The myths are stories that have come to us out of the past. They are the rich deposit of centuries. Some of them are so old that they seem never to have been made; and certainly so long as man exists they can never perish. They are the nursery tales that were made for our great old grandmother, the earth, when she was a child in frock and pinafore. But they are as interesting to-day as they were in the days of Homer. Many of them tell their meaning so simply that a child may understand. But whether he understands or not, the story itself is so concrete and so interesting that he hears it with delight. It is not essential that the teacher should insist on his

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understanding the meaning. Let him get the story now, and get the meaning when he can. The story, after all, is the thing. The story is what he needs to know in order to appreciate the significance of the many allusions to the myth which he will meet in his later reading.

We have tried to select stories that will bring the force of example to bear upon the child in the very best possible way; stories that will appeal to his better nature and strengthen his love of right doing; stories that will help him to form a standard by which he can live and grow; stories that will help to educate both his head and his heart, and teach him to be always kind, thoughtful, helpful, hopeful, and industrious.

We believe that the child will see himself and his possibilities reflected in these other lives as in a mirror; that he will feel the full force of each story, and make the proper moral application without our help, and that it is an insult to his intelligence to have a little moral tacked like a tag to the end of each story for fear that he may not read it aright.

The teacher will not find the pages of this reader encumbered with suggestions of doubtful value on the method of teaching reading. The book is for the child, and it is not a handbook of methods for the teacher.

While we have tried to adapt the book to the special needs and tastes of the children, we hope that parents and teachers may find something of interest in it; something to bring back the freshness of the past, — hints and echoes from the lost world of childhood.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to the critic, the eminent philologist, Dr. Francis A. March of Lafayette College, and to all the teachers who have given helpful suggestions.

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William Oliver.

MAY BLOSSOMS.

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THE STRONGEST — WHO OR WHICH?

rubbed	scare	dumb	bruises
slippery	cover	quench	certainly

One time in the country where you came from and in the country where you now live, there chanced to be a big frost, and the mill-pond froze over. Mr. Rabbit ran along that way and found the ice bridge over the pond, and as he was in something of a hurry he skipped across it. I mean he skipped part of the way. The ice was so slippery that when he got about halfway, his feet slipped from under him and he fell. He got up and rubbed himself as well as he could, and then he thought that the Ice must be very strong to hit him so hard. He said to the Ice, "You are very strong."

"I am so," replied the Ice.

"Well, if you are so strong, how can the Sun melt you?"

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The Ice said nothing, and so Mr. Rabbit asked the Sun, "Are you very strong?"

"So they tell me," replied the Sun.

"Then how can the Clouds hide you?"

The Sun was somewhat ashamed and had nothing to say. So Mr. Rabbit looked at the Clouds.

"Are you very strong?"

"We have heard so," replied the Clouds.

"How can the Wind blow you?"

The Clouds sailed away, and Mr. Rabbit asked the Wind, "Are you very strong?"

"I believe you," said the Wind.

"Then how can the Mountain stand against you?"

The Wind blew itself away, and Mr. Rabbit asked the Mountain, "Are you very strong?"

"So it seems," replied the Mountain.

"How can the Mouse make a nest in you?"

The Mountain was mum. So Mr. Rabbit asked the Mouse, "Are you very strong?"

"I believe so," replied the Mouse.

"How can the Cat catch you?"

The Mouse hid in the grass. Mr. Rabbit asked the Cat, "Are you very strong?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the Cat.

"How can the Dog chase you?"

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The Cat began to wash her face. Then Mr. Rabbit said to the Dog, "Are you very strong?"

"I certainly am," replied the Dog.

"Then why does the Stick scare you?"

The Dog began to scratch his neck, and Mr. Rabbit said to the Stick, "Are you very strong?"

"Everybody says so."

"Then how can the Fire burn you?"

The Stick was dumb, and Mr. Rabbit asked the Fire, "Are you very strong?"

"Anybody will tell you so," the Fire answered.

"How can the Water quench you?"

The Fire hid behind the smoke. Then Mr. Rabbit asked the Water, "Are you very strong?"

"Strong is no name for it," said the Water.

"How can the Ice cover you?"

The Water went running down the river, and after it had gone the Ice said to Mr. Rabbit, "You see you had to come back to me at last."

"Yes," replied Mr. Rabbit, "and now I am going away. You are too much for me."

Then Mr. Rabbit loped off, rubbing his bruises.

—Joel Chandler Harris in "Little Mr. Thimblefinger." A collection of folk-lore tales current among the Southern Negroes. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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hawk	tipped	nodded	circling
cawed	dipped	crystal	glistened

I found a little brook one day, —
That baby brook had run away;
'Twas just as wide as my two hands;
It skipped along o'er yellow sands,
And oh, 'twas full of fun and play,
The little brook that ran away.

The baby clovers bent to look
And see their faces in my brook;
Now some wore bonnets, red I think,
And some, white bonnets, tipped with pink.
Their cloaks were green as green could be,
They nodded slow and grave at me.

A birdie came with yellow bill,
He dipped his head and drank his fill;
Then winked at me with shining eye,
Then splashed the crystal drops on high,
Then smoothed his feathers one by one
Until they glistened in the sun.

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Meyer von Bremen.

BY THE BROOK.

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I saw a grave old turtle pass
With crawling steps across the grass;
A crow cawed from the pine trees high,
A hawk was circling in the sky,
And sunning on some mossy logs,
I counted seven green-coated frogs.

The brook and I — we sang a song,
The summer hours were none too long;
The sun crept westward through the sky, —
I said, "Dear little brook, good-by!"
Then thought, "Oh, what will mother say!"
You see — I, too, had run away!

— KATE LOUISE BROWN.

THE BROOK-SONG.

curve	tumbled	tilting	melody
swerve	grumbled	lilting	wrought

Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look —
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook —
And your ripples, one and one,

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Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me;
Sing about the bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little brook — sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided centre of your current swift and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing — how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

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Little brook — laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, "Rhymes of Childhood." Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Co. Copyright, 1890.

THE NEW LEAF.

tying	break	written	different
whine	striking	suspect	spectacles

"To-morrow will be New Year's day," said Grandma. "Are you going to turn over a new leaf for the New Year?"

"Oh, I don't want to turn over a new leaf," said Bobby.

Mary said nothing, but she looked as if she hated the very thought of it.

"A new leaf means you're going to do all the things you don't want to do, and are going to stop doing all the nice things you want to do," said Bobby.

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"I don't see the use," said Mary. "When we've turned the new leaf over, we don't do any different from what we did before."

Grandma looked very hard at the children over her spectacles. She loved them very dearly, and it made her unhappy to hear them talk in that way. But she said nothing.

The next day each of the children had a New Year's present. I don't know who gave it to them. It may have been a fairy, for I am sure you never got such a present. It was a book, but you would never suspect what was inside of it.

"Oh, a stupid book!" thought Mary. She was going to leave it and go to play with the new doll that she got for Christmas. But she just opened it, for she thought there might be pictures in it.

She opened the book in the middle, and on the first page she saw something that she thought was very strange indeed. It was a picture of herself. It was just like her, too, and she was lying on the floor kicking with all her might. She remembered the day. It was when her father wouldn't take her to town with Bobby.

She turned the page over quickly, for she was ashamed to see that picture. She had really forgotten that she had been so naughty.

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But on the next page — why, there she was again, striking her little friend Bessie. She remembered all about it. It was because Bessie said, "My doll is bigger than yours."

She grew red with shame, and turned over another page. But there she was again! She had taken the baby's orange away from him, and he was crying enough to break his little heart. And there was Grandma, asking her to give it back to the baby. But she wouldn't do it. So she had to be shut up in her own room for an hour that day.

Bobby was looking at his book, too; but he didn't care to show it to Mary. He found pictures of himself in it. And they were just like him, but none of them were very pretty. In one he was tying a tin can to a dog's tail. He could hear the poor dog whine and whine, even as he looked at the picture.

In another picture he was standing at the blackboard. He didn't know his lesson that day. But little Jack had written the lesson nicely on the board. Bobby, however, had felt so mean that day that when the teacher and Jack were not looking he had rubbed Jack's lesson all out.

He felt mean now to see a picture of himself doing that. He felt still meaner when he saw the picture of

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Jack putting the lesson on the board again without saying anything to the teacher.

Bobby and Mary were a long time looking at their books. Each book had three hundred and sixty-five pages. That's one page for every day in the year. But at the end of each book there was a leaf without any picture on it. Instead of a picture there was this writing:

"I am the New Leaf. Will you turn me over?"

I can tell you they were glad when they came to the end of their books and could turn over that new leaf and cover up all the others. They said nothing, and put the books away where no one could find them.

But they remembered what they had seen in the books, and every day they kept thinking: "I wonder if I am making a picture to-day that will be in a book next year? And I wonder how I shall look?"

A CHILD'S PUZZLES.

tuck sigh plenty jars shelf twelve

Pray, where do the Old Years go, mamma,
When their work is over and done?
Does somebody tuck them away to sleep,
Quite out of the sight of the sun?

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Or are they shut into crystal jars
And set away on a shelf,
In a beautiful closet behind the stars,
Each Year in a place by itself?

Was there ever a Year that made a mistake,
And stayed when its time was o'er,
Till it had to hurry its poor old feet,
When the New Year knocked at the door?

I wish you a happy New Year, mamma, —
I am sure new things are nice, —
And this one comes with a merry face,
And plenty of snow and ice.

But I only wish I had kept awake
Till the Old Year made his bow,
For what he said when the clock struck twelve
I shall never find out now.

Do you think he was tired and glad to rest?
Do you think that he said good-by,
Or faded away alone in the dark,
Without so much as a sigh?

— Margaret E. Sangster.

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THE FAIRY'S TWO GIFTS.

Part I.

bare	shelter	feast	neither	moment
ugly	cottage	shook	consent	slammed

A long time ago the fairies lived on the earth in the forms of human beings. A good fairy was once travelling in the form of a poor old woman. Night came on as she was going along a country road. She was very tired and hungry, and felt that she could go no farther.

"I must ask for a bed at the next house," she said to herself. "I cannot reach home to-night."

She then sat down on a stone to rest. After resting awhile, she walked on slowly past fields and woods till she came to two houses, — one on each side of the road.

The house on the left side of the road was so large and beautiful that she knew it must belong to a rich man. But the house on the right was a little old cottage, — so old that it seemed as if a breath would blow it over.

The fairy looked at both houses, and then said to herself: "I will stay with the rich man. It will not be much trouble to him to give me shelter."

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So she knocked at the rich man's door. At first no one answered. The fairy then knocked louder. Still no one answered. But when she knocked the third time, the rich man raised one of the windows and put his head out.

"Who are you, and what do you want at this time of night?" he asked in a very ugly tone.

"I have lost my way, and I am so tired and hungry that I can go no farther," said the fairy. "I beg you to give me something to eat and a bed for the night."

The rich man saw that the poor woman was dressed in ragged clothes, but he could not see how much gold she had in her pocket. So he shook his head and said: "I cannot take you in. If I were to let in every poor man and woman who knocks at my door, I should soon be a beggar myself."

Then he slammed down the window and left the good fairy standing outside.

The good fairy hung her head and turned away. She walked slowly across the street, and knocked softly at the door of the little old cottage. In a moment the door was opened wide.

"Good evening," said a very kind voice. "Come right in and sit down. You look tired."

"Indeed I am," said the good fairy. "I have

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travelled a long way to-day, and I have had nothing to eat since morning."

There were only two rooms in the house, and they were very small and bare. There was one candle on the table, and by its light the fairy saw the cheerful faces of an old man and his wife.

"I am far from home," said the fairy. "I beg you to give me a bite to eat and a bed for the night."

"We are poor," said the old lady, "and we have very little in the house to eat; but you are quite welcome to what we have."

"Thank you, my good woman," said the fairy. "I see there a bowl of milk and a loaf of bread. I care for nothing more. Your kindness will make it a feast."

The fairy ate the bread and milk and thought it was the best supper that she ever had in her life. She talked about her travels till bedtime.

Then the good wife called her husband aside. "Dear husband," said she, "let us make a bed of straw for ourselves on the floor. Then this poor woman can lie in our bed and rest. She is old, and as she has been walking all day, she must be very tired."

"With all my heart," he replied; "I will ask her to take our bed."

The good fairy said: "Oh, no, I cannot consent to

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take your bed. I can sleep on the floor just as well."

But neither the old man nor his wife would listen to this. So the fairy took their bed, and they slept on a bed of straw. The fairy was soon fast asleep, and the straw bed did not seem hard to this good old man and woman.

Part II.

else	daily	appetites	easily	replied
idea	stared	neighbors	explain	instead

The good wife was up very early the next morning. When the fairy awoke, breakfast was nearly ready. And such a breakfast as that was! The sun shone into the room, and the faces of the old man and his wife were as bright as the day. They had only hot cakes, butter, honey, and coffee. But what more was needed when there were good appetites and cheerful hearts?

When breakfast was over, the fairy said: "I am very sorry to leave such good friends, but I must go on my way. You have been so kind to me that I must in some way repay you."

"Oh, no," said the old man; "we do not wish to be paid for doing a kindness."

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The fairy arose to go. She thanked them for their kindness and said, "Good-by." But at the door she turned and said: "You were kind to me when you thought that I was poor and could do nothing for you in return. I will now show you that I have both the will and the power to aid you. If you will make three wishes, I will grant them."

"Thank you," said the old man. "We wish first for good health, and secondly, that as long as we live, we may have our simple daily wants provided for. I cannot think of a third wish."

"You shall have both wishes; but is there nothing else? Would you not like a new house instead of this old one?" asked the fairy, smiling.

"Oh, yes," they both cried. "If we have these three wishes granted, we shall want nothing more."

Then the fairy changed the old house into a new one with everything in it that one could wish. She also promised that their other wishes should be granted; and the next moment she was gone.

About noon the rich man happened to look out of his window. He saw the new house across the road on the very spot where the old cottage once stood. He stared at it for some time, and then called his wife and said to her: "What does this mean? Last night our

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neighbors lived in an old hut, and now they live in a fine, new house!"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the wife. "I'll go over at once and ask them."

The wife ran over to ask the poor man to explain the wonderful change. She rapped at the door of the new house. The good old man opened it, and kindly asked her to come in.

"What a beautiful new house you have!" she said. "How did you get it? Do tell me all about it!"

"I will tell you," he said. "Last night a poor old woman came to our door and asked for supper and a bed for the night. Her clothes were poor and ragged, but we gave her the best that we had to eat, and let her sleep in our own bed. And this morning when she left, she said that she was a fairy and would grant us three wishes. We wished first for good health, and secondly, for daily food, but we could not think of a third wish. Then she changed our old hut into this beautiful, new house."

The rich man's wife ran back to tell her husband what she had heard.

"What a fool I was!" cried the rich man. "Oh, if I had only known that she was a fairy! I could beat myself!"

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"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"Why, that same old woman came to our door first. She looked like a poor beggar. She asked me to give her supper and a bed for the night. But I told her that if we took in every old beggar that came along, we should soon have to get out of the house ourselves."

"What a pity!" said his wife. "But get on your horse and ride after her. She has not gone far. If you overtake her, tell her we should like to have her stay with us the next time that she comes this way. Then ask her to grant you three wishes."

The rich man thought it was a good idea; so he saddled his horse, and soon rode away after the fairy. At last he overtook her, and spoke very gently and kindly to her.

"I hope that you are not angry because I did not take you in last night," said he. "You should not have been in such a hurry. I was looking for the key to unlock the door; but you went away before I found it. The next time you come this way, you must stay with us."

"I will, if I ever come your way again," said the fairy.

Then the rich man asked her if she would grant him three wishes.

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"I would grant you three wishes willingly," replied the fairy, "but it would do you no good. You would be sorry you asked for them. You have nothing to wish for."

"Oh, I could easily find something to wish for, if I only knew that my wishes would be granted," said the rich man. "And I am sure that I can make three good wishes."

"Very well, then," replied the fairy, "ride back home; and whatever your three wishes are, they shall be granted."

Part III.

fret	caper	reared	pranced
rein	bridle	heavier	tiresome

The fairy then started on her way again, and the rich man rode toward home. And as he rode along, he thought much about the three wishes and very little about his horse. He let the bridle rein fall on the horse's neck. The horse began to caper and dance. He struck the horse, and said, "Be quiet, Bess!" But the horse pranced and reared till she nearly threw him off. At last he became angry and cried out, "Bess, what do you mean? I wish your neck were broken!"

Foolish man! The words were hardly out of his

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mouth when the horse did fall and break her neck. She lay there dead, and he saw that he had lost his first wish and a good horse besides.

"Well," said he, "I still have two wishes left. It will never do to leave that good bridle and saddle here, so I suppose I must carry them home."

He took the saddle and the bridle on his back, and started to walk home. The sun was very hot and the saddle was very heavy, and it seemed to grow heavier all the time. Walking with such a load was hot and tiresome work. He thought how happy his wife must be, sitting in their nice, cool house. Yet it was she who had sent him after the fairy.

"I wish this saddle would slip from my back, and that my wife had it fast to her back this very minute," he said, not thinking what he was saying.

As the last word fell from his lips, the saddle slipped from his back and was gone in a moment! Then the foolish man knew that he had wasted another wish.

He was very warm, but he ran home as fast as he could. He wanted to sit alone in his cool room and think of something great for his last wish. But when he opened the door, there sat his wife with the saddle on her back, and she was crying because she could not get it off.

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"You must wish this saddle off my back at once," she cried.

"But I have only one wish left," said her husband. "Do not fret about a little thing. I will wish for all the riches in the world to be ours, and the wish will come true, if you will let the saddle stay on your back!"

"You stupid head!" she cried. "Of what use would all those riches be if I had this saddle on my back all my days? You wished it on, and now you must wish it off."

So he had to wish the saddle off. It fell from her back at once. And that was the last of his three wishes!

—The Brothers Grimm.

A WISH.

leap	crazy	earnest
spare	mossy	tinkling
sound	darling	fountain

"Be my fairy, mother,
Give me a wish to-day;
Something, as well in sunshine
As when the raindrops play."

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"And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?"

"I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone;

"To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep;
With soft steps and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep.

"Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I never can catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

"Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With a noise like the baby's funny laugh, —
That's the brook for me!"

— Rose Terry.

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THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

manger

One sunny afternoon a sleepy dog went to the barn and jumped into a manger full of clean, sweet hay. Then he lay down and curled himself up for a nice afternoon nap. "What a fine bed this is!" he said, and was soon fast asleep.

When he had been sleeping for some time, an ox came into the barn to get his supper. The ox was very hungry and wanted to eat the hay. But the dog awoke and began to growl and bark at him, and would not let him eat the hay or come near it.

"Do you want to eat this hay?" said the ox.

"No, I don't eat hay," said the dog. "I shouldn't think of such a thing."

"Very well, then," said the ox, "I want to eat it. I am very hungry and tired."

"Oh, go away," growled the dog, "and let me sleep. I am so sleepy, and this hay makes such a nice, soft bed."

"How ugly and selfish you are!" said the ox. "You cannot eat the hay, and yet you will not let me eat it."

—AESOP'S FABLES.

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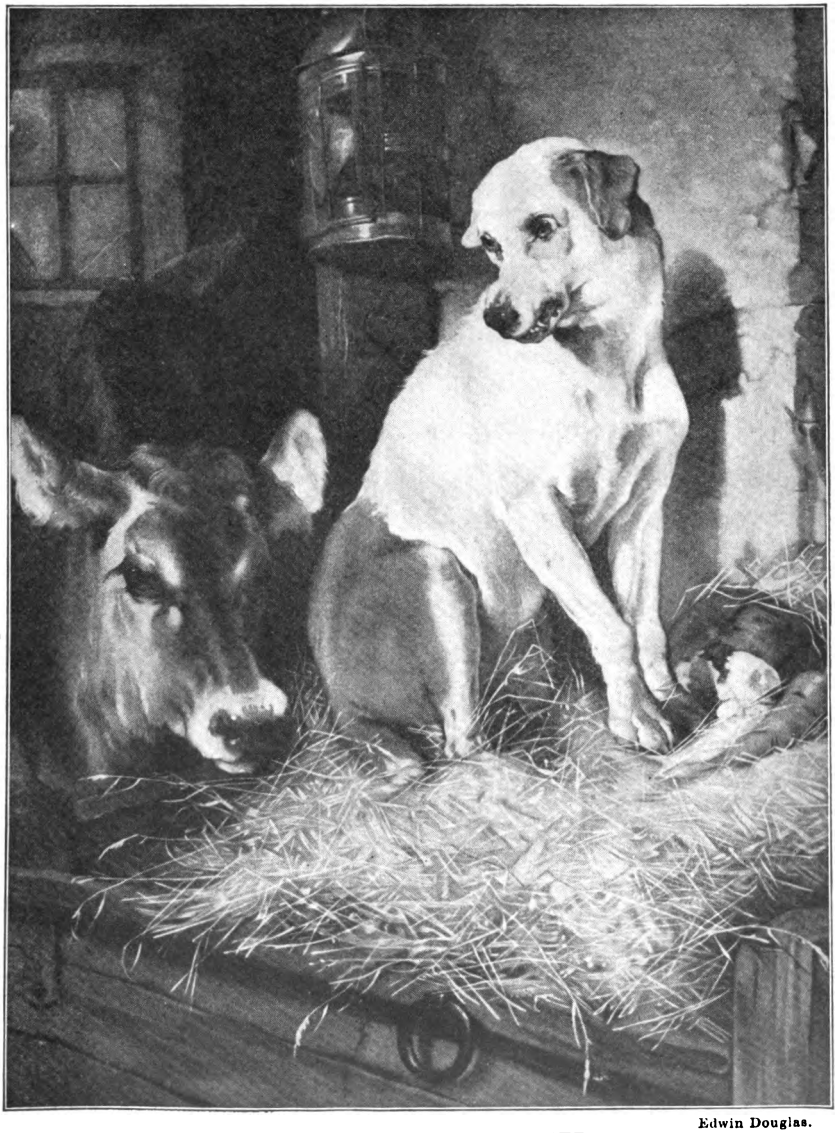

Edwin Douglas.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

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Now if you hear any one say, "He is a 'Dog in the Manger,'" you will know what it means. And if you see a child who will neither study nor let others study, you will know that he is playing "Dog in the Manger."

DEWDROP'S STORY.

PART I.

fleecy	ruffles	straight	plunged
expects	flashed	invisible	journeys

One bright sunshiny morning I had been listening to Ray, the sunbeam, as he told of his wonderful journeys to the stars. And all at once I was very much surprised to hear another merry little voice quite close to my ear.

"I'm a traveller, too," it said, "and I should like to tell you about some of my wonderful journeys."

Who could it be? It was the dewdrop on the lily which I held in my hand.

Ray flashed through the dewdrop in all the colors of the rainbow, and was gone.

"I will meet you up above," said Ray to Dewdrop, in a friendly tone, as he darted away toward the sun.

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Then I listened to Dewdrop's story, for he was not in such a great hurry as Ray always is.

"Yes, I'm a traveller, too," he said. "I came down from the clouds last night."

"But I didn't see you," I said. "How do you travel?"

"Oh, I become invisible, like a fairy. I break up into such tiny drops that no one can see me, but I need Ray's help to do it. He and I are the best of friends. He never takes me with him on his journeys to the stars. But we travel together very often.

"My home is in the ocean. I call the great sea my mother. And wherever I go, I always go back to my mother sooner or later. She expects me, and I think she could not live without me.

"Yesterday morning I was with my mother. She had on her beautiful dark green dress with white ruffles, and she was very happy in the sunshine. I was dancing on the backs of the fishes, as they plunged up and down in the waves. But Ray came along and took my hand in his. Then he spread his wings, which were as bright and beautiful as a butterfly's, and we went up into the clouds together!

"How the wind did blow up there! But we had a fine ride together, straight toward the west. I could

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see the land down below and the trees and the flowers, and I wanted to stop, but Ray said, 'Time enough when I have to go to bed.'

"All day long we floated among the white, fleecy clouds that looked as if they were made of the whitest snow. But at night the sun grew red in the face, and the clouds turned purple and green and yellow. That was the happiest moment of my life, as hand in hand with Ray, I floated in that beautiful light.

"The sun sank lower and lower, and at last went clear out of sight! Ray kissed me good-by, and I was left alone in the dark. It was cold, too, so I dropped slowly and softly down to the earth.

Part II.

vapor	sharply	meadow	deafened
persons	pebbles	rougher	understand

"I was still invisible; and as I floated along, I met this lily. 'Ah, this is just the bed for me!' I thought; so here I have been resting. But I hear Ray calling, and in a few minutes I shall have to go with him. Don't you see how small I am getting? I am too heavy a load for a sunbeam to carry. I

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must break up into vapor or mist before I can go with Ray. If you watch me closely enough, perhaps you will see how I become invisible."

I watched as sharply as I could; but before I knew it Dewdrop was gone.

"He is a very clever little fellow," thought I. "I suppose he is up in that cloud now. It is floating toward the mountains. The cool air on the mountains will soon bring my dewdrop down!"

But Dewdrop did not get to the mountain. A cold wind turned him into a raindrop, and he fell into a little brook that ran through the meadow.

"Oh, this is fun!" I heard him cry. "I'm going home now!"

Down the brook he danced and laughed. He floated through the quiet meadow with all the other drops of water, and fell over a dam. It was rougher now, for the brook was full of big stones. But Dewdrop liked to jump from rock to rock and dart past the shores.

On and on he went till he came out into the great, wide river. There, with all the other drops of water, he helped to carry the boats that went sailing up and down.

But he kept thinking of home and of his dear

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mother. So on he went. Once he darted into a mill-race and helped to turn a big water-wheel. It was very dark for a minute or two, and he was nearly deafened with the roar. But the next minute he was dancing in the sunshine, and rushing on toward the ocean faster and faster.

All day and all night he travelled. The river grew wider and wider, and at last the tide carried him far out to sea. Once more he was rocking in his mother's lap. Once more he was nestled close to his mother's heart, the safest place in all the wide world. But Ray will soon be calling for him, and he will start on another journey. For what would become of the brooks and the rivers if the drops of water did not go back to fill them? And where would the rain and the dew come from if there were no little water babies floating about, looking for a place to rest?

If you walk along the seashore some warm, still evening, you will hear the waves telling their story to the smooth pebbles on the beach. And some very wise persons who can understand them can hear the drops of water telling each other about their wonderful journeys round the world.

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cruel	faint	sailors	screams
pitch	surely	launch	daughter
wreck	heroic	islands	anxiously

A lighthouse stood on a small rock in the sea, and the waves dashed all around it. But they could not wash the lighthouse away. Every night it sent its kindly gleam of light over the dark sea to tell the sailors that rocks were near.

Grace Darling was the lighthouse keeper's daughter. She had always lived in the lighthouse, and her father, though an old man, had always kept the light burning.

One dark night Grace lay awake in her little room listening to the wind and the waves. There was a terrible storm. The sea roared like a hundred lions. But Grace was not afraid. She knew that the waves could not harm her. She thought of the ships and the sailors out on the wild sea. Then she thought of the women and the children who were waiting and watching for them at home. She only feared some poor ship might be driven on the rocks.

Suddenly she heard screams. She listened. They came again. She could barely hear them through the

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roaring of the ocean, but she knew that a ship had been driven upon the rocks. The sailors were calling for help, and no one would hear them but her. She sprang out of bed and ran to her father's room. "O father, father!" she cried, "wake up! There's a wreck on one of the islands, and I hear people calling for help."

Her father dressed as fast as he could, and so did Grace. Oh! how her fingers trembled; it seemed to her that she never could get dressed. But when she heard her father open the door she was ready, and they went out together. It was pitch dark, and they could see nothing and hear nothing but the noise of the wild storm.

"We'll have to wait for the daylight," said her father. So back to the little house they went. Did you ever have to sit still and wait before you could do something you wished very, very much to do? If so, you know how Grace Darling felt while she waited that wild, stormy night.

"Will daylight never come?" she thought. It came at last. She saw in the east a faint gleam of light and knew that day was near. Then she went out upon the rocks with her father. Not far away she saw a ship on the rocks. It had been broken in two, and half of it had been washed away, but the other half was fast upon the rocks. She could see persons in the water

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clinging to the wreck, but they would soon be washed away and drowned.

"O father! We must save them," said she. "We can't let them die before our eyes."

"It is impossible to do anything," said her father. "Our boat could not live in such a sea as this. It

Thomas Brooks.

GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER.

would be dashed to pieces like an eggshell. If we went out we should never live to come back."

"I'm going, anyway," said Grace. "I can't stand here and see those poor men die and do nothing to help them. I would rather die myself."

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The lighthouse keeper could not help being proud of his brave daughter. He was an old man and knew the sea better than she did. He knew that if they went out in a boat they might never come back, but he helped Grace launch the boat and went with her.

He pulled one oar and Grace the other. It was a long time before they reached the wreck. You will never know how glad the poor people were when they saw them coming. Some of them were so faint and weak that they were ready to let go their hold and drop into the cruel sea. But when they caught sight of the boat coming they held on a little longer.

How anxiously they watched that little boat! Sometimes it seemed as if the hungry waves would surely swallow it. But it reached the poor shipwrecked sailors at last. Grace held the oars while her father helped the men. Then with their strong arms the sailors rowed back to the lighthouse. One by one nine persons were taken from the wreck and carried to the lighthouse.

Some of them were ill from cold and hunger, but Grace showed that she was a good nurse as well as a brave sailor. She took care of them all till they could go to their own homes.

Grace Darling lived many years ago, and she has been dead a long time. But there is a little stone over

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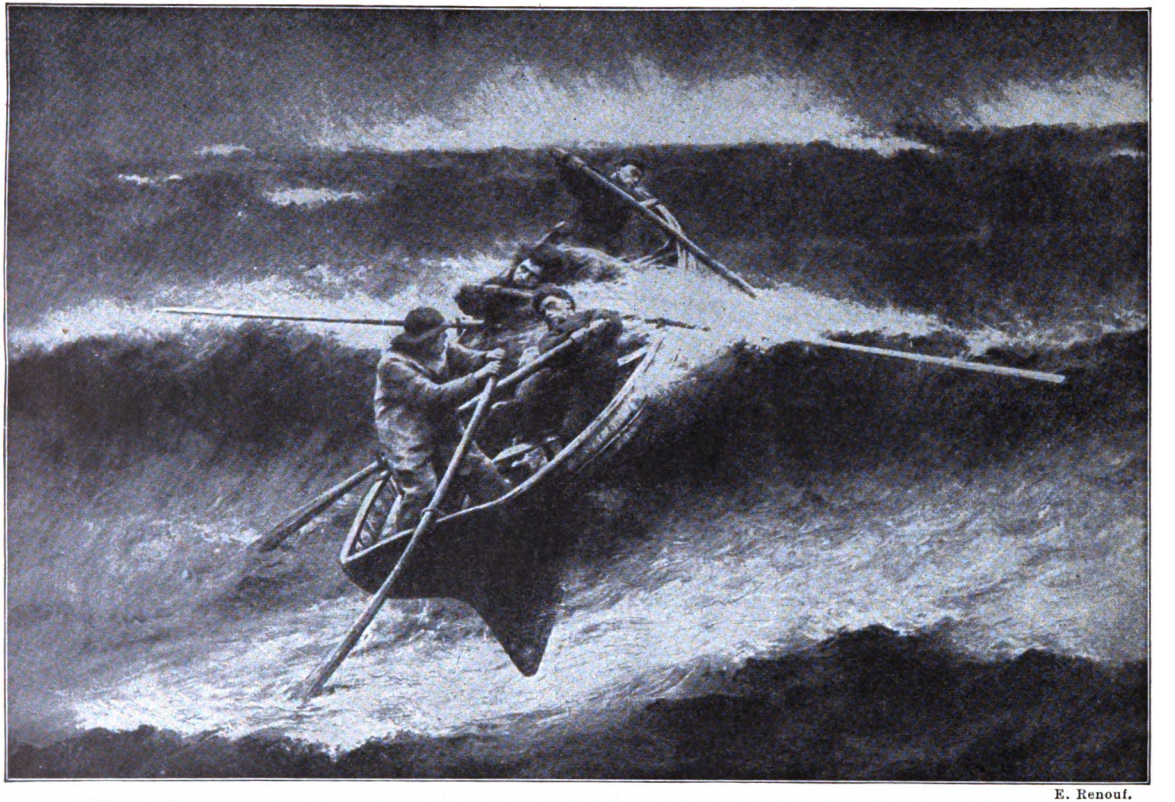

E. Renouf.

THEN WITH THEIR STRONG ARMS THE SAILORS ROWED BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

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her grave on which is carved the story of her heroic deed, and every year people go to visit her grave

"You see," they say, "girls can be brave as well as boys and men."

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

MEMORY LESSON.

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To the haven under the hill:
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

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BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

Bruce	spider	England	succeed
Robert	battles	Scotland	discouraged

'Tis a lesson you should heed:
Try, try again!
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again!

There is a pretty story told about trying and trying again. Many persons think it is a true story.

Robert Bruce was king of Scotland. He was a brave and good man. The king of England came to make war on him. Bruce tried to drive him back, for he wanted to save the homes of all his people. But the king of England had a better army than his, and beat him in many battles.

Six times Bruce fought bravely. Six times he was driven back. At last his army was scattered, and he had to run for his life.

He hid in a lonely barn. As he lay on the hay, hungry and cold, he was much discouraged, and he began to think that there was no use in trying any more.

But as he lay there, he saw a spider at the top of the barn. It was trying to make a web. It had

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fastened a thread to the side of a beam, and now it was trying to swing across to another beam. If it could fasten the thread to the other beam also, it could easily build its web.

Bruce watched the spider as it tried to swing across from one beam to the other. It could almost reach the beam; and yet it missed it. Six times it swung with all its might. Six times it failed to reach the beam.

Bruce watched the spider. Like the spider he had tried six times and failed. Said he to himself:

"If the spider tries again and succeeds, I will try again. I will not be beaten by a spider."

The spider rested a long time before he tried for the seventh time. Then he made a long, hard swing. He reached the beam and fastened his thread. Now all was easy. He could build his web, for he had a bridge on which to go across.

When Bruce saw that the spider had succeeded, he sprang to his feet.

"I will not give up!" he said, "even if I am beaten seventy times seven times."

So he gathered his men together and fought another battle. This time he beat the English king. Soon he was able to drive him out of Scotland, and once more his people were safe and happy.

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PHAËTHON DRIVES THE SUN-CHARIOT.

PART I.

Pha'ë thon (fā'ë thŏn)	proof	throne	icicles	glorious
companions	worthy	courage	Autumn	horizon

Phaëthon was the son of Apollo, and he lived with his mother in a beautiful sunny valley on the eastern edge of the world. Early every morning, when the sun's bright orb first appeared above the horizon, Phaëthon's mother would point it out to her boy, and tell him that his father, Apollo, was just starting out for his daily drive. She told him so many stories about his father's beauty and power that he became very proud, and talked about his father constantly.

One day when Phaëthon was telling his companions about his father's wonderful beauty and power, they laughed and said: "How do you know that Apollo is your father? You have never seen him. If he is your father, why do you not take a ride with him? You say that he cannot safely come nearer to the earth; but why do you not sometimes go to his land?"

Phaëthon answered: "My father's throne is far away from this valley. But my mother has promised

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that when I am stronger, I shall go to my father's palace. I often watch his golden chariot roll by in its path, and think perhaps some day that I shall drive the glorious horses of the sun myself.

"I shall go to my mother now, and ask her how much longer I must wait."

Phaëthon told his mother what his companions had said, and she answered: "Go, my child, and ask Great Apollo whether you are his son. If you are worthy to be the son of Apollo, you will be given strength and courage for the journey."

Phaëthon gladly and bravely climbed the path which led to the palace of the sun. At last he came in sight of the throne. He had never seen anything so beautiful. On one side were standing the days, the months, and the old years. On the other side were the seasons: Spring, covered with flowers; Summer, with her baskets of fruit and grain; Autumn, in her many-colored dress; and Young Winter, with a crown of icicles.

Apollo saw the brave boy and knew that it was his son. He took his glittering crown from his head and went to meet him.

Phaëthon cried, "Great Apollo, if you are my father, give me and others proof that it is so." He then told Apollo all that his companions had said about it.

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Apollo took him in his arms and kissed him. "You are indeed my son," he said. "I will put an end to your doubts. Ask any gift you will, and it shall be yours."

Phaëthon had always had one wish in his heart, and so he said: "O my father, let me drive the wonderful golden chariot of the sun for just one day. All the world will be sure to see me, and none can then doubt that I am the son of Apollo."

Part II.

fiery	Au ro'ra (ạ rō'rȧ)	barren	thrown
scorch	wisdom	deserts	precious

Apollo shook his head sadly, and said: "That is the one thing that you must not ask to do. You are my son and I love you, but for your own sake I cannot let you do this. You have neither the strength nor the wisdom for the great work. You know not what you ask, my son. The horses are so fiery that they breathe fire through their nostrils. I am the only one who can drive the chariot of the sun safely through the heavens. I beg of you, choose more wisely. Ask the most precious thing on earth or in the sky, and you shall have it."

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But Phaëthon thought that he knew better than his father; so he threw his arms around his father's neck, and begged to go.

At last Apollo said: "Foolish boy, you shall have your wish, for I cannot break my promise. But, my dear son, do not go too high, or you will scorch the dwelling of heaven; nor too low, lest you set the world on fire. Keep in the middle path; that is the best, and do not use the whip."

Phaëthon was too happy to hear what his father was saying.

The horses were harnessed. Phaëthon jumped into the golden chariot and took the reins. Aurora threw the golden gates of morning wide open, and the fiery horses flew away on their long journey. But the horses soon knew that it was not their master who was driving; and so Phaëthon could not make them go across the sky. Down, down they went until they nearly touched the earth. The mountain tops caught fire, great cities were burned, many rivers dried up, and whole countries became deserts.

Then up, up they went, far into the sky above the stars. Phaëthon was thrown from the chariot. He fell down, down into a river, and was killed.

Then a great rain fell and put out the fire. But

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PHAETHON DRIVING THE SUN-CHARIOT.

Max F. Klepper.

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many people were scorched, and their skins became red, yellow, brown, or black. And ever since that time there have been red, yellow, brown, and black, as well as white people, on the earth.

At last the tired horses became quiet, and the car rolled slowly back into its old path.

But the deserts and the barren mountain tops still tell the story of the day Phaëthon tried to drive the chariot of the sun.

BUTTERFLY-BLUE AND BUTTERFLY-DEAR.

Part I.

flit	crocus	dazzles	wiggle
downy	velvety	feathery	wriggled

Two very funny little brown things were hanging on the rough bark of an old tree, one summer morning. They were no longer than your finger, but they were fat and shiny. They looked very much like two big, brown leaves rolled up very tight. They were fastened to the rough bark by a strong, silky thread.

The sun shone on them. The warm breezes blew through the trees and made the green and silver leaves dance for joy around them.

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"Little brown things, little brown things, wake up!" said a sunbeam. "You have been asleep long enough."

"We are so sleepy!" said a wee little voice in one of the tiny brown shells. "We can't get out. Let us alone."

"No, I won't let you alone," said the sunbeam. "The great big sun sent me down to tell you to wake up. All the flowers have opened their buds. The bees and the birds are humming and singing, and flying about in the lovely garden. If you could see them, you would not be so lazy. You must get up!"

Both the little brown things gave a wiggle.

"That's right," said the sunbeam. "Try again! That's what I said to a baby crocus when he thought he could never push his little head out of the cold, hard earth in the early spring days."

So both little brown things tried again. They pushed and wriggled and twisted and turned till both little brown shells cracked open. And then a funny thing happened. Oh, how the sunbeam did laugh and jump and shine!

What do you think came out of those little brown shells? Why, some little legs. The little legs began kicking, and pretty soon out came a funny little head

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with large, round eyes. The eyes were dark green, and above them were some very thin, black feelers that stuck up like horns.

"Hurry up!" said Sunbeam. "It is getting late, and I shall have to help you dress."

"But the light dazzles me," said one little voice. "It was dark in my little brown bed."

"You'll soon get used to the light," said Sunbeam. "Hurry up! The air is so sweet this morning."

Then there was a kicking of little legs and a shaking of funny little heads! At last out came two soft, long bodies, and two lovely pair of wings. But you could hardly see the wings they were so close to the bodies. And then the sunbeam was busy drying and warming two beautiful new butterflies.

"You are all dressed now," said the sunbeam, "and you must now use your legs a little and find out what they are made for; and try your wings, too."

Just then a little breeze came along and shouted: "Why, Sunbeam, have you been getting new butterflies out of bed? Come, I'll have some fun with them."

So the little breeze gave a gentle puff, and one poor little butterfly nearly fell off the tree.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do? I'm going to fall," she cried.

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"Give another puff, little breeze," laughed the sunbeam. "It's time that they learned what their wings are for."

So the little breeze blew harder and harder, and at last the butterflies spread their beautiful wings and sailed away. Oh, it was fun! When they were tired they stopped to rest on a big, red rose.

"How do you do, butterflies?" said the rose. "Isn't the world beautiful? My little friend, Sunbeam, helped me out of my little green bud yesterday, and when he passed here this morning, he told me that he was going to wake you up."

They were very pretty, those two little butterflies. One was a shining dark blue with wonderful soft lights in its wings, and its body and legs were velvety black. The other was orange and yellow, with pretty black marks here and there. Both had a downy, feathery look as if peach-bloom had been scattered all over them.

Sunbeam named them Butterfly-blue and Butterfly-dear.

"Now, Butterfly-blue and Butterfly-dear," said Sunbeam, "I want you to listen to me. God made you look pretty and bright to make people happy. He made you to dance in the sunshine, to play with the

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green leaves, to smell the sweet flowers, and to float on the breeze. But you must never play with water. It would wet your beautiful wings, and spoil them so that you might never be able to fly again."

They sat still for a few minutes thinking over all the things they were to remember. "What are you going to do now, Butterfly-blue?" said Butterfly-dear.

"I am going to fly away into the green trees and play with the pretty dancing leaves," said Butterfly-blue.

"And I am going to flit from flower to flower on the honeysuckle and hunt for a good taste of honey," said Butterfly-dear. "Good-by, we will each go our own way."

Part II.

Belle	weary	forth	breast
spray	crests	soared	spangles

The day passed very quickly and happily for both of them. Sunbeam came and kissed them good night before he dropped over the horizon to help light up the other side of the world. And the two little butterflies folded their pretty wings, and went to sleep in a bed of rose-leaves.

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So the butterflies played in the garden, and were very happy. The children used to watch them, and many a wild race they had with the little ones, flying just out of reach of the tiny, pink hands. And one day Butterfly-blue lighted right on Baby Belle's little pink finger.

"Oh, mamma," said Baby Belle, "see this flower. It's got feet and eyes. What makes it fly in the air without any stalk?"

Butterfly-blue gave a little laugh which nobody heard, when the baby called her a flower. And then she soared up into the clear air and flew away. She

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flew a great way from home, and came to the ocean and the yellow beach.

"This is a fine place," she thought. "Why did I never come here before?"

The sea was very bright and beautiful that day. It was covered with silvery spangles. And near the sandy shore, great waves leaped and rolled and tossed white crests of foam and spray high in the air. Oh, it was glorious!

"Take care, Butterfly-blue," said the Sea-breeze. "This is no place for you." He could say no more, he was so busy curling the crests of the waves.

"I'm all right, never fear," answered Butterfly-blue, and she flew on over the water.

"Come back, come back," cried the sunbeam. "Oh, you silly little thing, I told you to live with the flowers."

"Oh, I wish you would let me alone!" said Butterfly-blue. "I am quite old enough to take care of myself. I am sick of the quiet garden. I want some fun."

Sunbeam hid his face on the breast of a cloud, and just at that moment Butterfly-blue flew too close to a curling wave, and its foam splashed her wings. And then the foolish little butterfly fell helpless upon the waves.

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The waves rolled her over and over in the foam until she lay dead on the sandy shore. Then a gentle hand picked her up and held her little, lifeless body for a moment, and tried to smooth out the torn and useless

wings. Yes, Butterfly-blue was dead, and a kind little boy and girl dug a grave and buried her there by the shining sea.

It is winter now, and the snow lies deep and white all over the ground. The leaves have faded and fallen, and the birds have flown away. Butterfly-dear played

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in a lovely garden all summer and fell asleep with the flowers long ago.

But a lovely picture of a yellow and orange butterfly can still be seen over Baby Belle's little cot. And the name under the picture is

"BUTTERFLY-DEAR."

—MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH, "Sleepy-time Stories." Used by special permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MEMORY LESSON.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! not frozen seas,
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!

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We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

Dionysius (dī o nish'ī us)	Sicily (sis'ī lĭ)	favor	ceiling
Damocles (dam' o cles)	citizen	sword	imagine
		tyrant	delicious

Dionysius was king of Sicily. He had once been a common citizen, but he was a clever man, and had made himself king, though there had often been plots to kill him.

Among his friends was a man named Damocles, who was always telling Dionysius what a great man he was, and how happy he ought to be. He thought it was wise to flatter a tyrant so as to stand high in his favor. But Dionysius was not so easily flattered.

One day Damocles had been saying a great many nice things to the king.

"I suppose," said Dionysius, "that you would like to change places with me. Is that why you are always praising everything I have?"

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"Oh, no," said Damocles, "but if I could enjoy for one day what you enjoy, I should think myself the happiest man in the world."

"Very well," said Dionysius. "To-morrow you shall be king in my place, and I will be Damocles."

That night Damocles slept in the king's bed. When he awoke in the morning the room was filled with soft music, and handsome slaves stood about. They helped him to put on the king's rich clothes. His breakfast was placed before him in dishes of gold. The food was the most delicious he had ever tasted. There was nothing one could imagine which he did not have for the asking. For a few minutes he thought that no one could possibly be happier than he.

But in a moment all this was changed. He looked up to the ceiling and saw a sword hanging above his neck by a single horsehair. At any moment it might fall and kill him.

Instead of being the happiest, he now became the most unhappy man in the whole kingdom of Sicily. He sent for Dionysius, and pointing to the sword, he said:

"Do you see that sword?"

"Yes."

"It might fall at any minute and kill me."

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"That is true. But did you not know that I live with a sword hanging over my head? You yourself know there are many who long for a chance to kill me."

"Take back your kingdom," said Damocles. "I would rather live in my mother's little cottage among the mountains. I will never again say that you are the happiest man in the world."

A BIRD AND A BOY.

Part I.

dare	allow	patient	busily	creatures
cozy	berry	concerts	pacified	carpenter

I was sitting near my window one bright spring morning working away as busy as a bee. The window was open, and I could hear the birds singing in the trees as if they were trying to split their little throats. I kept saying, "Yes, yes, yes! I know there never was such air, such a day, such a sky! I know it — I know it!" But they would not be pacified. They kept telling me over and over. It seemed as if their little throats must have been made of fine gold.

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Just inside my window there was a small box of string, but for several days, no matter how many pieces I put into it, the next time I looked they were gone. And while I sat there wondering who in the world could have taken them, a beautiful little bird flew down from one of the big trees and stood on my window-sill a minute or two and looked at me timidly. At first she did not know what to think about coming in when I was sitting there, but it did not take her very long to make up her little bit of a mind. She turned her saucy little head and winked her bright little eye. And then without so much as saying "If you please" she dipped her little beak into the string box and flew away with a piece of pretty pink string.

I sat as still as a mouse to see whether she would dare come back again. But the next time she came she gave a little hop, skip, and jump and looked me squarely in the eye and took another piece of string without being a bit afraid.

Then how busily she began to build her nest! She had found a nice, safe place for it on a bough high out of reach of cats and naughty small boys. This little carpenter had no hammer or nails. Claw and bill were the only tools she used.

But she did not build it entirely of strings. All

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P. Heydel.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

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those long black hairs which hold the nest together are from the tail of our dear little pony, Black Beauty. All those short brown hairs once belonged to our dear old cow, Buttercup. And those yellow hairs were part of baby's yellow curls. We could spare but two curls from his precious little head, and we hunted everywhere for this one to send to grandma!

At last the cozy little nest was done. It had a soft, fleecy lining of lamb's wool and feathers; and one morning when I looked into it I saw five little eggs cuddled close together. But I did not get a chance to see those precious little eggs very often. The little bird would leave them only just long enough to get her breakfast and a drink of water, for she feared that they would get cold if she did not keep them under her downy wings.

The other birds were having fine concerts on the fences and splendid picnics in the berry patches. But this dear little mother bird sat there through all the long days and the warm, still nights, and she did not mind it — not a bit.

Very early one morning I was awakened by such a chirping and singing, such a fluttering and flying! I knew in a minute that five little birds had come out of those five little eggs. The happy mother bird could hardly wait for me to dress. "Why don't you get up?"

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she seemed to say. "Why don't you get up? I have five little birds! They came out of the eggs this morning. They are so hungry I *can't* get enough for them to eat! Why don't you get up, I say?"

It was hard work for this faithful little mother to feed so many mouths. She flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms and flies and seeds, such as she knew were good for her young nestlings.

It was wonderful how much food those five small creatures could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest up to the top. Yet they ate all the food and asked for more. It was indeed hard work, but this patient little mother bird was glad to do it. She did not allow her little ones to want, not even the smallest and weakest of them. For there was one poor little fellow who could not ask so loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

Part II.

arrow	glossy	limped	sling
slender	scarlet	dragged	marksman

I have now come to the sad part of the story, and it is so sad that I am sorry to tell it to you.

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There was a boy lived near my home who was a good marksman with a stone, or a bow and arrow, or an air-gun, or a sling shot. He went about all day aiming at every animal that he saw. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock or at the cat or at anything else that he chanced to see.

One day I had to go away from home, and I was gone three days. I left the mother bird and her little ones safe and happy in the big green tree. But the very day I left home, this little mother bird picked up a worm, and stopped a minute on a wall before flying to her nest. The boy marksman saw her and of course aimed at her. He hit her in the side.

She was very much hurt, yet she fluttered and limped and dragged herself, in great pain, to the foot of the tree where her nest was. But she could not fly up to the nest, for her wing was broken.

She chirped a little, and the young ones heard her; and, as they were hungry, they chirped back loudly. She could not go up to them, however, or even tell them why she did not go.

She tried once more to rise. Only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on one side. Do you think the boy would have laughed if he had seen her then?

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All the rest of that day the little mother lay there. When she chirped, her children answered, and when they chirped she answered. But her voice grew fainter and weaker. Late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them.

Sometime in the night the mother bird died. During all the next day the little birds slept — when hunger allowed them — and waked, and then called out until they were so tired that they fell asleep again.

The next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast. Before dawn they all died, one after the other. Five slender little necks all limp and lifeless, — five pair of bright little eyes shut forever!

The boy marksman had killed six birds at one shot, the mother and five young ones. If you know him, please read this little story to him. Do you think he will like to hear it?

I killed a robin. The little thing,
With scarlet breast and glossy wing,
That came in the apple tree to sing.

A little flutter — a little cry —
Then on the ground I saw her lie;
I didn't think she was going to die.

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And I'm thinking every summer day,
That I can never, never repay
The little life that I took away.

— SYDNEY DAYRE.

ONE, TWO, THREE!

cupboard clothespress

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

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The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

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And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.

—H. C. BUNNER. Used by special permission of the publishers, Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

search	cousins	decides	depends
beneath	harvest	reapers	disappointed

A lark once built her nest in a field of green wheat, where it was soon hidden by the waving grain.

Here she laid her tiny eggs, and kept them warm beneath her soft breast. Soon four little larks peeped from under her wings, crying to be fed.

Now she must search far and near for food for these four hungry mouths. How busily the little mother flew back and forth, finding food for her little ones.

Her little ones grew larger and stronger every day, while the wheat grew taller and closer about their home. Whenever the young larks saw their mother, they lifted their heads and called her.

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At last the young larks were almost old enough to fly, and the wheat was nearly ripe. One day the young larks heard the owner of the field say to his son: "The grain seems ripe enough to cut. Go early to-morrow morning and ask all our neighbors to come and help me gather it in."

That night the young larks were in great fear. They could hardly wait for their mother to come home to move them to a place of safety.

When the mother lark came home, the little ones chirped in great fear, "O mother! mother! Farmer Brown says that he is going to get his neighbors to cut his grain."

"Never fear, my children, there is no need to move yet. If he depends upon his neighbors, I am sure the grain will not be cut to-morrow."

The next day the owner and his son came and waited. The sun grew hot, but nothing was done, for not one of the neighbors came.

"You see," said the owner to his son, "these neighbors are not to be depended upon. So run off at once to your uncles and cousins, and say that I wish them to come early to-morrow morning and help us, for our wheat is ready to harvest."

"O mother! mother! Farmer Brown is going to

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get his uncles and cousins to cut his grain. We must move now! We must surely move!" said the young larks, "or the reapers will come and kill us all."

"Never fear, my children," said the mother, "the man who depends upon his friends to do his work for him is not to be feared."

The next night the little larks all chirped together, "O mother! mother! Farmer Brown says that he and his son will cut the grain to-morrow."

"Ah!" said the mother, "now it is time for us to go, for the man is in earnest this time. When a man decides to do his work himself, it is not likely that he will be disappointed."

Early next morning, the little larks tried their young wings and flew away. And they were just in time, for Farmer Brown and his son reaped the wheat that day.

— AESOP'S FABLES.

LEWIS CARROLL.

Oxford professor college except mushroom
University mathematics bachelor awkward convenient

There was once a very quiet little man, who was a professor of mathematics in a college. This man had

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neither wife nor children, and he lived in bachelor rooms at the University of Oxford in England.

This man called himself Lewis Carroll, though that wasn't his name at all. His real name was Charles L. Dodgson. But he pretended that his name was Lewis Carroll, and that is the name he signed to his letters and to his stories.

He seemed like a very queer little man. He did not like people at all — except little girls. But he was very, very fond of little girls, and they were very fond of him. They all called him "uncle," and he took them up to his rooms and made tea for them himself. Then he took them for a walk about the college grounds or for a boat-ride on the river.

Lewis Carroll loved children so much that he once said that talking to them was next to talking with the angels. He had a great many little girl friends to whom he wrote queer little letters full of nonsense. He not only made fun for them, but was kind and helpful. He helped them so gently to overcome their faults that no one could be vexed with him. He made timid children so happy that they forgot to be timid, and he made awkward children so happy that they forgot that they were awkward.

There were three little girls who liked him very

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much indeed. They lived at the college, too. Their father was another professor there. So these little girls often went to see their dear "uncle," who wasn't their uncle at all. But they pretended that he was their uncle, and he pretended that he was, too. He liked nothing so well as pretending.

The name of one of these little girls was Alice, and so, when he took the children out for a boat-ride, he told them a wonderful story about a little girl named Alice. It was a continued story, and he began each day where he left off the day before. He had a way of stopping in the very best parts and pretending to go to sleep. Often he would say, "This is all, until the next time." But the little girls would try to shake him, crying, "This *is* the next time."

Oh, this was a wonderful story! It was all about Alice. The pretending uncle pretended that Alice jumped into a rabbit hole and went clear down through the earth and came out in a very strange land, where she met all kinds of queer things.

But the funniest things were those which happened to Alice herself. She drank something and grew very small, and then she ate something and grew very large. Then she found a mushroom that would make her big or little at any time she wished. If she ate a little

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S. Sidley.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

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piece of one side of it she grew nine feet high in a few minutes. Then if she ate a piece of the other side of it, she would grow small, until she was very tiny. She found this very convenient.

Well, all this long, wonderful story at last got into a book called "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." And there is another story about Alice. It tells how she got through the looking-glass into Looking-Glass-Land, and all the wonderful things she saw and did there. This story got into a book, too. It is called "Through the Looking-Glass," and it is just as wonderful as the "Adventures in Wonderland."

I wish that I could tell you about all of the wonderful things that Alice found in Looking-Glass-Land and in Wonderland, but there is not room in a book of this size. I hope, however, that every boy and girl who reads this book will get "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" and read them.

Before it was generally known who Lewis Carroll was, Queen Victoria read "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." She was delighted with the book, and ordered "some other books by the same author." She received a package of very dry and learned mathematical books. The queen was very much surprised to find

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that Charles Dodgson, the great mathematician, and Lewis Carroll, the writer of Wonderland Stories, was one and the same person.

THE LAND OF THUS-AND-SO.

collar	promptly	embrace	crimpled
obedient	precisely	slightest	knickerbockers

"How would Willie like to go
To the Land of Thus-and-So?
Everything is proper there —
All the children comb their hair
Smoother than the fur of cats,
Or the nap of high silk hats;
Every face is clean and white
As a lily washed in light;
Never slightest soil or speck
Found on forehead, throat, or neck;
Every little crimpled ear,
In and out, as pure and clear
As the cherry-blossom's blow
In the Land of Thus-and-So.

"Little boys that never fall
Down the stair, or cry at all;

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Doing nothing to repent,
Watchful and obedient;
Never hungry, nor in haste;
Tidy shoestrings always laced;
Never button rudely torn
From its fellows all unworn;
Knickerbockers always new;
Ribbon, tie, and collar, too;
Little watches, worn like men,
Always promptly half-past ten;
Just precisely right, you know,
For the Land of Thus-and-So!

"And the little babies there
Give no one the slightest care.
Nurse has not a thing to do
But be happy and sigh 'Boo!'
While mamma just nods, and knows
Nothing but to doze and doze:
Never litter round the grate;
Never lunch or dinner late;
Never any household din
Peals without or rings within;
Baby coos nor laughing calls
On the stairs or through the halls;

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Just Great Hushes to and fro
Pace the Land of Thus-and-So!

"Oh! the Land of Thus-and-So!
Isn't it delightful, though?"
"Yes," lisped Willie, answering me
Somewhat slow and doubtfully—
"Must be awful nice, but I
Rather wait till by and by
'Fore I go there; maybe when
I am dead I'll go there *then.*
But"—the troubled little face
Closer pressed in my embrace—
"Let's don't never *ever* go
To the Land of Thus-and-So!"

—James Whitcomb Riley, "Rhymes of Childhood." Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Copyright, 1890.

BLUNDER.

Part I.

stile	spied	seldom	Blunder	witch-hazel
squeaked	forked	chipmunk	merrily	Jack-o'-lantern

Blunder was going to the Wishing Gate to wish for a pair of ponies and a little coach. Of course you can

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have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is to find the right gate; for it is not a great gate with a sign over the top of it, like this: *WISHING GATE.* It is just an old stile made of three sticks, — an old stile in the meadow. And as there are many old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him; that would have been against fairy rules. She could tell him only to follow the road, and to ask the way of the first owl that he met. Blunder was a very careless little boy, and he seldom found anything that he was looking for. So his fairy godmother said over and over, "Be sure you don't miss him, — be sure you don't pass the owl." And Blunder got along very well so long as the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the woods or turn to the right?

There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree. It was the first owl that Blunder had seen, so he was a little afraid to wake him up. Blunder's fairy godmother had told him that the owl sits up all night to study the ways of frogs and mice, and that he knows everything but what goes on in the daytime right under his nose. And Blunder could think of

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nothing better to say than, "Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"What's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"Wishing Gate! Wishing Gate!" hooted the owl, in great anger. "How dare you wake me for such a thing as that? Follow your nose, sir; follow your nose!" And the owl was asleep again in a moment.

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went. "And what was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was all!" While he waited, a chipmunk came running down the path. But when he saw Blunder, he stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mr. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"Indeed, I can't," answered the chipmunk. "I am so busy storing away nuts for the winter and taking care of my young family that I have little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-fairy under a slanting stone, over

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which the water pours all day long. I have no doubt that he can tell you."

So Blunder went on up the brook, but he saw nothing of the slanting stone nor of the water-fairy. He was just saying to himself, "I'm sure I don't know where he is, — I can't find him," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog, "but in a pine tree over there you will find an old crow. I am quite sure he can show you the way, as he is a great traveller."

"I don't know where the pine tree is, — I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder. Still he went on up the brook, but he did not see the crow nor the pine tree. At last he was so hot and tired that he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices quarrelling.

"Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, till I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now *you*. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey! I will come in!"

"You shall not come in! I want my nap!"

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Looking about him Blunder spied a bee talking with a morning-glory elf. The elf was shutting the morning-glory right in the bee's face.

"Elf, can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf, "but if you will keep on this path you will meet the Dream Man coming down from Fairyland. He will have his bag of dreams on his shoulder, and if any one can tell you about the Wishing Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered the elf, "unless you look for him."

So there was no help for it but to go on. Blunder soon passed the Dream Man. He was asleep under a witch-hazel, and he had his bags of good dreams and bad dreams laid over his shoulders. But Blunder had never learned to use his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or "I can't find it." And then his mother or his sister found it for him. So he passed by the Dream Man without seeing him, and he soon stumbled on Jack-o'-lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing Gate?" said Blunder.

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"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and catching up his lantern he set out at once.

Blunder followed close behind him. But in watching the lantern he forgot to look at his feet, and fell into a hole full of black mud.

"I say! the Wishing Gate is not down there," called out Jack; and then he flew off among the tree-tops.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder when he climbed out of that mud-hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying. "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

"That is not my fault," answered Jack, merrily, and then he danced out of sight.

Part II.

bushel	empty	disgust	chimney	grumbling
poking	kitchen	measure	chuckling	wood-goblin

Just then Blunder stepped on an old moss-grown stump. This stump was a wood-goblin's chimney, and Blunder fell down the chimney in among the pots and pans in which the cook was cooking the goblin's supper. The old goblin was asleep upstairs, but Blunder made such a noise that it waked him. He came stumbling

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down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard the old goblin coming, and looked about her in great fright to find some place to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" she cried, "if my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

Off ran Blunder. He burst open the door, and ran wildly around the room. The shoes stood in one corner of the room; but of course he could not find them, because he had not learned to use his eyes. "I cannot find them! Oh, I cannot find them!" sobbed little Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window. "I don't know where the closet is!" he called out.

Thump! thump! That was the goblin halfway down the stairs.

"There is a cloak hanging on that peg which will make you invisible. Get into that, and he will never see you," cried the cook.

Blunder could not see the cloak any more than he could see the shoes and the closet. And no doubt the goblin would have found him crying out, "I can't find it," but just as the door opened Blunder's foot caught

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in the cloak, and he tumbled down. The cloak fell over him, and there he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

"What was all that noise about?" roared the goblin, as he came into the kitchen. He looked all around, but as he could see nothing wrong, he went grumbling upstairs again. Then the cook gave Blunder the shoes, and they carried him up the chimney and back to the meadow. Blunder was safe enough now, but very cross. He was hungry, and it was dark, and he did not know the way home; and seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir.

Just then along came the South Wind, with his pockets full of showers. And as he happened to be going Blunder's way, he picked the boy up and took him home. Blunder was glad enough to be going home, but he would have liked it better if the South Wind had not laughed all the way. What would you think if you were walking along the road with a fat old gentleman, who went chuckling to himself and slapping his knees and poking himself till he was purple in the face, and then burst out in a great roar of laughter!

"What *are* you laughing at? asked Blunder at last.

"I am laughing at two things that I saw in my travels," answered the Wind. "One was a hen that

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starved to death sitting on an empty peck measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain, and the other was a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing Gate and came home because he could not find it."

"What? What's that?" cried Blunder. But just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire. Everybody else cried: "What luck did you have? Did you find the Wishing Gate?" But his fairy godmother sat still and said nothing.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I couldn't find it." And then he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

"Yes, that is all very fine," cried his godmother, "but now hear my story. There was once a little boy who thought he must go to the Wishing Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl that he met what to do then.

"But this little boy seldom used his eyes. So he passed the first owl and waked up the wrong owl. He passed the water-fairy, and found only a frog. He sat down under the pine tree, and never saw the crow. He passed the Dream Man, and ran after Jack-o'-lantern.

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He tumbled down the goblin's chimney and couldn't find the shoes, or the closet, or the cloak. And so he sat on the top of the Wishing Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and he never knew that it was the Wishing Gate.

"Ugh! Bah!" cried the fairy godmother, and away she went up the chimney in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

— Louise Chollet.

A CHILD TO A ROSE.

White Rose, please talk to me!
  I don't know what to do.
Why do you say no word to me
  Who say so much to you?
I'm bringing you a little rain,
  And I shall feel so proud
If, when you feel it on your face,
  You take me for a cloud.

Here I come so softly
  You cannot hear me walking;
If I take you by surprise
  I may catch you talking.

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White Rose, are you tired
  Of staying in one place?
Do you ever wish to see
  The wild flowers, face to face?

Do you ever go to sleep?
  Once I woke by night,
And looked out of the window:
  And there you stood moon-white, —

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Moon-white, in a mist of darkness, —
With never a word to say;
But you seemed to move a little,
And then I ran away.

White Rose, do you love me?
I only wish you'd say,
I would work hard to please you
If I but knew the way.
I think you nearly perfect
In spite of all your scorns;
But, White Rose, if I were you,
I wouldn't have those thorns.

WHAT YOU LOOK FOR, YOU WILL FIND.

severe	visage	errands	pavement	poisonous
secret	jealous	council	courteous	assembled

There was once a queen who was very unhappy because her ladies and gentlemen were always quarrelling. Every day they came to her with very unpleasant stories about one another. At last she called a secret council of her wise men and asked them how she could prevent this.

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Some of the wise men advised severe punishments. Others thought that the discontented courtiers should be sent away. At last one old man with snowy white hair stepped forward and said:

"O queen, live forever! Your lords and ladies are like naughty children. They are jealous of one another; so they are always trying to find one another's faults. Can you not in some way teach them how wicked such feelings are? If you can, they may be ashamed and may do better."

The queen listened and was pleased. She dismissed her wise men, and sent for her lords and ladies. When all had come, she said:

"I am going to send two pages out on errands in which you will all be interested. I have called you together to see them start; and when they come back, I will call you together again to see what news they bring.

"Call the first page."

When the page stood before her, she said:

"I wish you to mount a trusty horse and ride through all my kingdom. Visit all the gardens on your way around the kingdom, and bring me the most beautiful flowers that you can find. You may start out by taking the road to the right."

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The page bowed and was gone; and a moment later they heard his horse's hoofs on the pavement.

"Call the other page," said the queen.

When the other page stood before her, she said to him:

"I wish you to mount a trusty horse and ride through all my kingdom. Visit all the gardens on your way around my kingdom, and bring me the most bitter and harmful weeds that you can find. You may start out by taking the road to the left."

This page also bowed and was gone.

The queen did not explain why she sent these pages on errands so strange. She merely said that they would all meet again when the pages returned.

Several days passed. At last the queen was told that both pages had returned. She then sent for her lords and ladies.

When all were assembled the queen said:

"Admit the first page."

A moment later he entered, and his arms were filled with lovely flowers. These he laid at the queen's feet.

"Well," said the queen, "what did you find?"

"O queen," said the page, "your kingdom is a kingdom of flowers. I never knew before that there were so many beautiful flowers."

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"Were there no weeds?" asked the queen.

"There may have been, but I did not see them."

So she dismissed this page and ordered the other to be admitted.

And when the second page entered, his arms were filled with bitter and harmful weeds. Some of them were so poisonous that he had to wear thick gloves to protect his hands.

"And what did you find?" asked the queen.

"O queen," said he, "your kingdom is filled with weeds. I did not imagine there could be so many different kinds, or such poisonous ones."

"But did you see no flowers?"

"There may have been flowers," said the page, "but I did not see them. Of course there must have been some, but I was looking for weeds and did not notice the flowers."

When the second page was gone, the queen looked at her lords and ladies. They hung their heads in shame. She had intended to make a little speech, urging them to look for flowers instead of weeds in one another's lives. But they seemed to understand; so she said nothing.

After that she did not hear any more complaining, and the unhappy quarrelling ceased.

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LANGUAGE EXERCISE.

Tell this story in your own language. Then change it by having one page sent out to find happy, laughing, and contented boys and girls, and the other one sent out to look for cross, unhappy, and discontented boys and girls, as a lesson to the children who lived at the court instead of to the lords and ladies. Describe the little scenes each page would tell about.

Do not look for wrong or evil—
  You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
  He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
  You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
  To the glass, you meet a smile.

—ALICE CARY

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heave	British	enemy	Tories
officer	stealing	General	corporal
couple	exercise	soldiers	extremely

I.

One pleasant summer morning General Washington set out from his headquarters near Boston. He was taking a horseback ride for exercise, and was alone, as usual.

He had gone but a short distance when he noticed an old woman sitting in the doorway of a little house. She seemed to be in great trouble, and he stopped and spoke to her.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, sir," said she, "some soldiers have been here this morning, and have stolen or spoiled everything in my garden. My husband is sick, and we have nothing but what we raise in this garden to live on during the coming winter."

"May I see your husband?" asked Washington, as he jumped from his horse and tied it to a fence.

"My husband will be glad to see you," said the woman.

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Washington followed her into the house. He found a poor old man sitting up in bed, and it was not hard to see that the old couple were extremely poor.

For half an hour or more he sat talking to them. They told him that they were Tories, and that their two sons were in the British army in Boston.

Before he went away, he took some money from his pocket and gave it to the old woman, who thanked him with tears in her eyes. Then he promised to tell General Washington what his soldiers had done.

"General Washington!" cried the women. "He is our *worst* enemy, and he will be glad to know that a Tory has been badly treated."

"I hope you are mistaken in regard to General Washington," said he, with a smile, as he left the house.

He at once rode back to headquarters. He soon found out who the soldiers were and ordered them to come before him.

"Are you the men who disgraced the American army by stealing from a poor old woman?"

"Why, she is a Tory," answered the men.

"So she told me," said Washington, "and she also told me that her sons were in the British army. But she is a woman, and because of that, if for nothing else, you should have treated her honestly and kindly."

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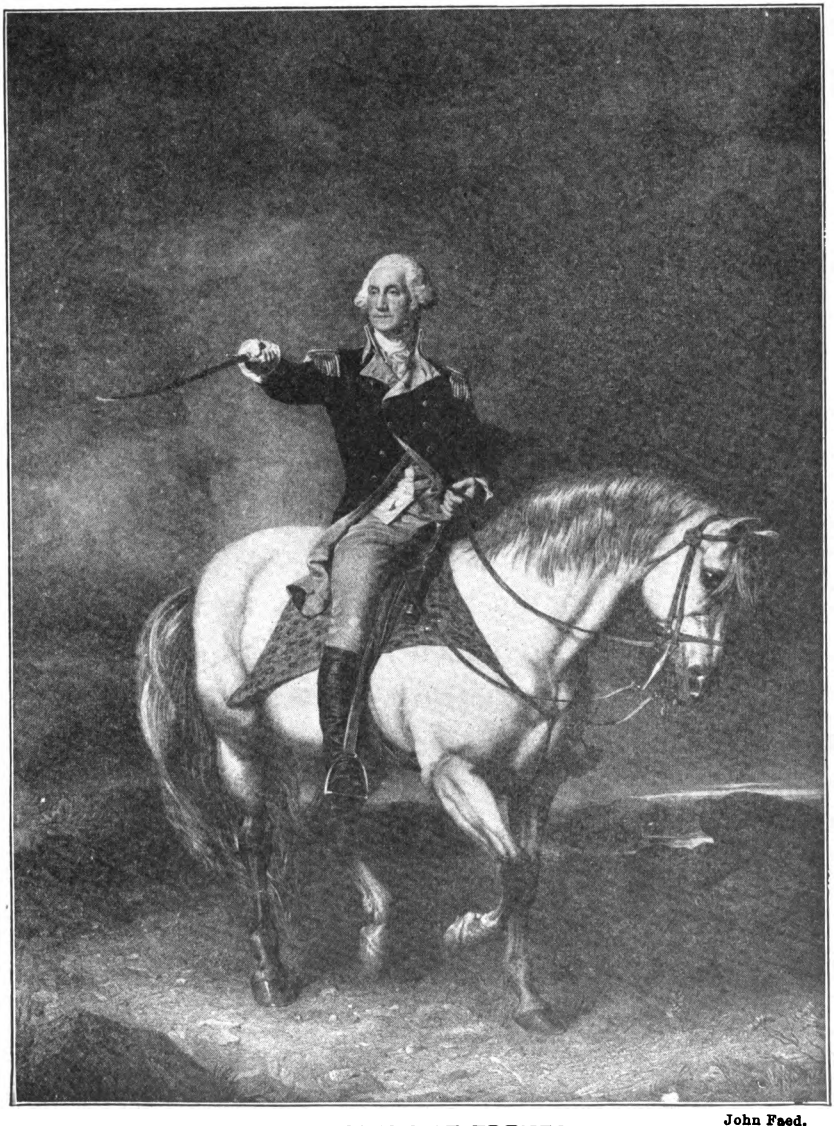

John Faed.

WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.

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He then told the officer who had charge of the men to see that they paid the woman in full for what they had stolen and spoiled. At the same time he made them understand that if they did such a thing again, they would not be punished in that light way.

A little later a woman came and asked to see General Washington.

"Ask her to step in here," said he, laying aside the pen with which he was writing.

When the woman came in, he saw that she was the same old woman that he had met on his ride.

She came slowly up and laid her hand on his arm.

"God bless you!" said she.

Within two months that woman's sons had left the British army and had joined the Americans. They had been brought over to the cause of freedom by the goodness and kindness and justice of General Washington.

II.

Once Washington saw a corporal superintending some men who were lifting heavy logs. The corporal said, "Heave, ho! my men," but didn't touch the logs himself. They had one log almost in place, but they could not quite get it up. The men lifted with all

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their might. In a moment more it would have fallen, had not Washington stepped forward and put his strong shoulder under it. Turning to the corporal, he asked:

"Why don't you help your men?"

"Can't you see, I'm the corporal?" said the little man.

"Well, I'm the general," said Washington. "When you have any more heavy lifting, send for me."

It was a good lesson for the corporal, and there are little men still living who may learn a good lesson from this story.

Tell everything that the men, the corporal, and Washington thought, as well as what they said and did.

HERCULES AND THE LAZY MAN.

mire	peasant
wagon	Hercules

A peasant was once driving his wagon over a muddy road. The wheels were soon fast in the mire. He shouted at his horses, and then beat them, but they could not move the heavy load. Then the man called upon Hercules to help him out of his trouble. "Lazy man," said Hercules, "put your own shoulder

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to the wheel. Stir yourself, and do what you can; then if you need help from me, you shall have it. Heaven helps those who help themselves."

—AESOP'S FABLES.

TILLY'S CHRISTMAS.

I. THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

shawl	knelt	Tilly	pitiful	trudging
worth	tempted	purse	blankets	exclaiming

Three little girls were trudging home from school together.

"I'm glad to-morrow will be Christmas," said Kate, "because I'm going to have lots of presents."

"So am I glad, though I don't expect any presents but a pair of mittens," said Bessie.

"And so am I glad, but I shall not have any presents at all," said Tilly.

As Tilly spoke, both the others looked at her with pity and with some surprise, too, for she spoke cheerfully. They wondered how she could be happy when she was so poor that she could have no presents on Christmas.

"Don't you wish we could find a purse full of money right here in the path?" said Kate.

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"Oh, don't I, if I could keep it honestly!" said Tilly, and her eyes shone at the very thought.

"What would you buy?" asked Bessie, rubbing her cold hands and longing for her mittens.

"I would buy a pair of large, warm blankets, a load of wood, and a shawl for mother," answered Tilly.

"And if there were enough left, I would buy a new hat for Bessie and a pair of shoes for myself."

"Let us look. Maybe we *can* find a purse," said Kate. "People are always going about with money at Christmas time, and some one may have lost it here."

So, as they went along the snowy road, they looked about them, half in earnest, and half in fun.

Suddenly Tilly sprang forward, exclaiming:

"I see it! I've found it!"

The others followed, but stopped, disappointed. It was not a purse, it was only a little bird. It lay upon the snow with its wings spread, but too weak to fly. Its little feet were stiff with cold, and its once bright eyes were dull with pain. Instead of a gay song it could give only a faint chirp now and then, as if crying for help.

"Nothing but a stupid old robin!" cried Kate, sitting down to rest.

"I shall not touch it. I found one once and took

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care of it, and it flew away the minute it was well, and did not even say 'Thank you,'" said Bessie.

"Poor little birdie! How pitiful he looks, and how glad he must be to see some one coming to help him! I'll take him up gently, and carry him home to mother. Don't be afraid, dear little bird, I'm your friend," said Tilly. Then she knelt down in the snow, and put her hand over the bird.

Kate and Bessie laughed. "Don't stop for that thing. It is getting late and cold. Let us go on and look for the purse," they said as they moved away.

"You wouldn't leave it here to die!" cried Tilly. "I would rather have the bird than the money, so I shall not look any more. The purse wouldn't be mine, and I should only be tempted to keep it. But this poor little bird will thank me and love me. I'm so glad I came in time."

Gently lifting the bird, Tilly felt its tiny cold claws cling to her hand; and she saw its dim eyes brighten as it nestled down with a faint chirp.

"Now I have a Christmas present after all," she said, smiling, as they walked on. "I have always wanted a bird, and this one will be such a pretty pet for me."

"He will fly away the first chance that he gets. So

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F. Defregger.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

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you had better not waste your time over him," said Bessie.

"He can't pay you for taking care of him," added Kate. "My mother says, 'It isn't worth while to help folks that can't help us.'"

"My mother says, 'Do as you would be done by.' I'm sure I should like any one to help me if I were dying of cold and hunger. 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' is another of my mother's sayings. This bird is my little neighbor. And I'll love him as I often wish our rich neighbor would love and care for us," answered Tilly.

"What a funny girl you are!" said Kate. "It is funny to see you caring for that silly bird, and to hear you talking about loving your neighbor in that sober way. Mr. King does not care a bit for you and never will, but he knows how poor you are, and how much you need his help. So I don't think your plan amounts to much."

"I believe it, though, and I shall do my part. Good night. I wish you a merry Christmas, and I hope you will have lots of pretty presents," said Tilly, as they parted.

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cheery	flannel	guests	whisper	stockings
curtain	comfort	charity	startled	contentment

Tilly felt *so* poor as she went on alone toward the little old house where she lived that her eyes filled with tears.

It would have been so pleasant to know that she was going to have some of the pretty things that all children like to find in their stockings on Christmas morning; and it would have been still more pleasant to have been able to give her mother something nice. So many things were needed. But there was no hope of getting them, for her mother could barely get food and fire.

"Never mind, birdie," she said at last. "We'll make the best of what we have. *You* shall have a happy Christmas, and I know God will not forget us, if others do."

She stopped a minute to wipe her eyes, and put her cheek against the bird's soft breast. She found great comfort in the little creature, though it could only love her, and nothing more.

"See, mother, what a nice present I have found,"

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she cried. And she went into the house with a cheery face that was like sunshine in the dark room.

"I'm glad of that, my dear, for I haven't been able to get my little girl anything but a big rosy apple," said her mother. "Poor bird! Give it some warm bread and milk, and then put it in my basket on this warm flannel."

After feeding the bird and putting it to bed, Tilly helped her mother get supper. Such a poor little supper, but yet such a happy one! for love, charity, and contentment were guests there.

"We must go to bed early, for we've only wood enough to last over to-morrow. I shall be paid for my work the day after to-morrow, and then we can get more wood," said Tilly's mother, as they sat by the fire.

"If my bird were only a fairy and would give us three wishes, how nice it would be! Poor bird, he can't give me anything, but it's no matter," said Tilly. She was looking at the robin as he lay in the basket with his head under his wing, a mere little feathery bunch.

"He can give you one thing, Tilly. He can give you the pleasure of doing good. That is one of the sweetest things in life, and the poor can enjoy it as well as the rich."

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As her mother spoke, she stroked her little daughter's hair softly with her tired hand. And Tilly suddenly started and pointed to the window, saying in a whisper:

"I saw a face, — a man's face, looking in! It's gone now, but I surely saw it."

"Some traveller, perhaps. I'll go and see." And Tilly's mother went to the door.

No one was there. The wind blew cold, the stars shone, the snow lay white on field and wood, and the Christmas moon was glittering in the sky.

"What sort of face was it?" asked Tilly's mother, as she came back.

"A pleasant sort of face, I think. But I was so startled that I don't quite know what it was like. I wish we had a curtain there," said Tilly.

"I like to have our light shine out in the evening, for the road is dark and lonely just here," said Tilly's mother. "The twinkle of our lamp is pleasant to people's eyes as they go by. We can do so little for our neighbors, I am glad to cheer the way for them. Now go to bed, dear, and I will come soon."

Tilly went, and she took her bird with her to sleep in his basket near her bed, so he would not be lonely in the night.

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holly	spirits	abroad	clapped	bouquet (bo͞o kā′)
handle	bundle	humble	perched	happiness

Soon the little house was dark and still; and no one saw the Christmas spirits at their work that night.

When Tilly opened the door the next morning, she gave a loud cry, clapped her hands, and then stood still, speechless with wonder and delight. There before the door lay a great pile of wood all ready to burn! And near it a big bundle and a basket with a beautiful bouquet of roses and holly and evergreen tied to the handle.

"O mother! did the fairies do it?" cried Tilly, as she handed the bundle to her mother and carried the basket herself.

"Yes, dear, the best and dearest fairy in the world. She is called 'Charity.' She walks abroad at Christmas time, does beautiful deeds like this, and does not stay to be thanked," answered her mother, with tearful eyes, as she undid the bundle.

There they were, — the warm, thick blankets, the

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warm shawl, the new shoes, and, best of all, a pretty winter hat for Bessie. The basket was full of good things to eat; and on the flowers there lay a paper, saying, "For the little girl who loves her neighbor as herself."

"Mother, I really think that my bird is a fairy bird, and that all these good things come from him," said Tilly, laughing and crying with joy.

And it really did seem so, for as she spoke, the robin flew to the table, and hopped to the bouquet. Then he perched among the roses, and began to chirp with all his little might.

The sun streamed in on flowers and bird and happy child. And no one ever knew that Mr. King had seen and heard the little girls the night before. And no one dreamed that the rich neighbor had learned a lesson from his poor neighbor.

And Tilly's bird *was* a fairy bird. By her love and tenderness to the helpless thing she brought good gifts to herself and happiness to the giver of them. And she found a faithful little friend that did not fly away, but stayed with her till the snow was gone, making summer for her in the winter time.

— Louisa M. Alcott, in "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag." Used by special permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co.

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And this, if you have but little,
  Is what I would say to you:
Make all you can of that little —
  Do all the good you can do.

And though your gifts may be humble,
  Let no little child, I pray,
Find only an empty stocking
  On the morn of the Christmas Day!

— PHŒBE CARY.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

China	chest	whether
thimble	trumpet	exchange

We hung up our stockings together,
  My brother Joe and I;
I hung mine in the chimney corner,
  And Joe hung his close by.

But when we got up in the morning,
  Joe found, to his surprise,
That his stocking held a large wax doll
  With curls and sweet brown eyes.

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A set of nice china tea dishes,
And silver thimble, too;
Joe said: "Well, this is the strangest thing!
Santa must think I'm you."

The gifts that I found by my stocking
Were all things for a boy.
A drum, a trumpet, a chest of tools,
And a steam engine toy.

We thought it was very strange indeed,
My brother Joe and I;
And we could not quite make up our minds
Whether to laugh or cry.

But mamma said we'd better exchange
And Santa would not mind.
She said he was getting very old
And just a little blind.

Then papa said, "I made a mistake,"
And mamma said, "Hush! dear."
But papa said, "I turned off the gas;
"I'll leave it on next year."

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But next time we hang up our stockings
I'll put our names to show
Which of the stockings belongs to me
And which to brother Joe.

—Lizzie Wells.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

Louisa	France	author	cemetery	medicine
Alcott	Concord	library	sympathy	languages
millions	costumes	lullabies	translated	Cinderella

Louisa May Alcott has made her name dear to all boys and girls who like to read good stories. She is the children's favorite author. Millions have read her stories and have been made better by reading them.

I am sure you will be glad to see her sweet, kindly face, and to learn something about this charming woman, who has written so many delightful stories for children.

One morning, when she was a very little girl, she looked up from the breakfast table, and said:

"I love everybody in this whole world."

She used to feed her dolls, send them to school, give them medicine when they were sick, and punish them when they were bad.

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She was very fond of pets, and she always had cats, dogs, and birds around her. She nursed them when they were sick, and when they died she dug graves for them and buried them with great ceremony.

When she was a little girl, she used to sit for hours at a time looking at pictures and making up stories about them. Her father was her teacher. He was a good man and a good teacher. But he was not successful in making money. He was poor, and was often in debt.

In one of her letters, she says: "In summer we lived much as the birds did, on our fruit and bread and milk. The sun was our fire, and the sky our roof. But the best of the dear old fairy stories made the reading hour the pleasantest of the day."

The greater part of her life was spent in Concord, Massachusetts. Her home there was very pleasant, for the yard was full of trees and flowers, and the house was large and roomy. And best of all, there was a big barn back of the house, where the children played merry games. Up in the loft a stage was built on which the children acted "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and other plays, which Louisa arranged for them from the stories she had heard or read.

Sometimes they dressed up in all sorts of curious-

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LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

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looking costumes and played that they were soldiers, fairies, or Indians. She has told all about their funny games and fancies and frolics in a book which she called "Little Women." This book tells what Louisa and her three sisters did when they were little girls. In this book she calls herself Jo, and she calls her sisters Meg, Beth, and Amy. These were not their real names, but that, you know, only makes the story seem nicer.

The sister called Amy in "Little Women" went to France to live when she was married. She died there, and her little baby girl was sent to her Aunt Louisa. This baby's name was Louisa, too, but she was called Lulu.

"My sister left me her little daughter Lulu for my own, and I shall be too busy singing lullabies to one child to write stories for others," Louisa said in one of her letters to a friend.

The little one was a comfort and delight to her aunt. They used to have a quiet hour before bedtime, when little Lulu cuddled close in her aunt's arms, and listened to pretty stories of fairies and happy children. These stories pleased little Lulu so much that her aunt wrote them down in several small books, and called them "Lulu's Library."

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"Skipping Shoes" is one of the stories in "Lulu's Library," and "Tilly's Christmas" is one of the stories in another set of books called "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag." I hope that every child who reads this book will read all of the delightful stories in "Lulu's Library" and "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag."

Louisa May Alcott lived a true and beautiful life, full of sympathy, love, and duty. Her first thought was always for others. When she received money, she was always planning what she could buy for her sisters or her father and mother. When she was sixteen years old, she said:

"My mother is a brave, good woman, and my dream is to have a lovely, quiet home for her, with no debts or troubles to worry her; and while I have breath, and a head, and two hands I will work." She liked writing stories better than any other kind of work, and her stories were liked so well that her dear dream of giving her mother a quiet home free from worry came true just as it would in the best of fairy stories. Her books were republished in England, and they were translated into many languages. She received more than two hundred thousand dollars from the sale of her books in America.

She died in 1888, and was buried in Sleepy Hollow

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Cemetery, at Concord, Massachusetts. Her death was mourned not only by children, but by mothers and fathers, who had laughed and cried in their childhood over the stories of success and defeat in "Little Women" and "Little Men."

THE SKIPPING SHOES.

Part I.

magic	servant	giant	dreadful	obliging
pantry	puckered	tapped	luncheon	seven-league

Once there was a little girl named Kitty, who never wished to do what she was asked to do. She said "I won't" and "I can't." She did not run at once pleasantly, as obliging children do.

One day her mother gave her a pair of new shoes. She made a great fuss about putting them on. Then, as she lay on the floor kicking, she said:

"I wish these were seven-league boots. If I had shoes like those of Jack the Giant Killer, it would be easy to run errands all the time. But now I hate to keep trotting. I don't like new shoes, and I won't stir a step."

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Just as she said this, the shoes gave a skip; and they set her on her feet so suddenly that it scared all the naughtiness out of her. She stood looking at the curious shoes. She thought that the bright buttons on them winked at her like eyes, and that the heels tapped a sort of tune on the floor.

"Kitty, run and tell the cook to make a pie for dinner," called her mother from the next room.

"I don't want to," Kitty began, with a whine, as usual.

But the words were hardly out of her mouth when the shoes gave a skip, and she was downstairs and in the kitchen before she knew it. She was nearly out of breath, but she told the cook to make a pie.

Then she wondered if the shoes would let her walk at all. They went nicely till she wanted to turn into the pantry where the cake was. Her mother had told her never to touch it, but she liked to take a bite when she could. Now she found that her feet were stuck fast to the floor. There she stood, and she could not move till her father came along and said:

"You will have time to go to the post-office and get my letters before school."

"I can't," Kitty began. But she found she could, for away went the shoes, out of the house at a bound.

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She went down the street so fast that the servant who ran after her with her hat could not catch her.

"I can't stop!" cried Kitty; and she did not till the shoes took her straight into the post-office.

"What's the hurry to-day?" asked the man, as he saw her all rosy and breathless, and without any hat. Her face was puckered up as if she did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

"I won't tell any one about these dreadful shoes, and I'll take them off as soon as I get home. I hope they will go back slowly, or people will think I'm crazy," said Kitty to herself, as she took the letters and went away.

The shoes walked along very nicely till she came to the bridge. There she wanted to stop and watch some boys in a boat. She forgot all about school and her father's letters. But the shoes wouldn't stop. She tried to make them stop, and held on to the railing as hard as she could. But the shoes went on, and when she sat down, the shoes still dragged her along. She had to go, and so she got up and walked home. And she got there in good time; but she felt that there was something very strange about these funny shoes.

"I won't wear these horrid shoes another minute,"

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said Kitty, when she got home. She sat down on the doorstep and tried to take them off. But not a button could she stir, though she tried and tried till she got red in the face and very angry.

"Time for school! Run away, little girl!" called her mother from upstairs.

"I won't," said Kitty, crossly.

But she did, for those magic shoes danced her off and landed her at her desk in five minutes.

"Well, I'm not late. That's one comfort!" she said to herself. She wished that she had come pleasantly, and had not been hurried away without any luncheon.

Part II.

nook	queen	cushion	whisked
grove	recess	remind	bewitched

Her legs were so tired with the long skips that she was glad to sit still. Generally she was fussing about all the time.

But at recess she got into trouble again. One of the children knocked down the little house she had built of corn-cobs, and this made her angry.

"Now I'll kick yours down, and see how you like it, Dolly," said Kitty.

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Up went her foot, but it didn't come down. It stayed in the air, and there she stood, looking as if she were going to dance. The children laughed to see her. But she could do nothing till she said to Dolly: "Never mind! If you didn't mean to, I'll forgive you."

Then the foot went down, and Kitty felt so glad about it that she tried to be pleasant. She was afraid those dreadful shoes might play some new caper. She began to see how they worked, and she thought she would see if she had any power over them. So when one of the little boys lost his ball, she said kindly:

"Perhaps I can get it for you, Willy."

And she jumped over the fence as lightly as if she were an india-rubber ball.

"How could you do it?" cried the boys. Not one of them dared try such a high jump.

Kitty laughed and began to dance. She felt pleased and proud to find that there was a good side to the shoes, after all. Such pretty steps and airy little bounds as she made! It seemed as if her feet were bewitched and went of themselves.

All the little girls stood in a circle and watched her. They tried to dance as she did, but not one of them could do it. Kitty said it was her new shoes. But she didn't tell any one how queerly they acted.

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She thought that she would have good times after this. But she soon found that she was mistaken. On the way home, she wanted to stop and see Belle's new doll; but at the gate her feet stuck fast. And so she had to go straight home, as her mother had told her always to do.

"Run and pick a nice dish of strawberries for dinner," said her sister, when she reached home.

"I'm too ti—" She didn't have time to finish, for the shoes landed her in the middle of the strawberry bed at one jump.

"I might as well be a grasshopper, if I'm to skip around like this," she said. She forgot that she was tired, and thought the garden very pleasant. The dish was soon filled, and she wanted to stay and eat a few. But the bell rang, and away she went!

"How this child does skip about to-day!" said her mother. "It is so delightful to have such a quick little errand girl! I shall get her to carry some bundles to a number of poor people this afternoon."

"O dear me! I do hate to carry those old clothes and bottles and baskets. Must I go?" said Kitty with a sigh. And the shoes tapped on the floor under the table to remind her that she must go whether she liked it or not.

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"It would be right and kind, and it would please me very much," said her mother. "But you may do as you choose about it. I am very tired, but I can go myself."

Kitty sat very still and sober for some time, and no one spoke to her. She was making up her mind whether she would go pleasantly or be whisked about like a grasshopper again. When dinner was over she smiled and said in a cheerful voice:

"I'll go, mamma; and when all the errands are done, may I come back through the little grove where the tall ferns grow? We call that Fairyland, and I should like to stop and play there a little while."

"Yes, my dear," said her mother. "When you oblige me, I am happy to please you."

"I'm glad I decided to be good; now I shall have a lovely time," said Kitty to herself. And she started out with a basket in one hand, a bundle in the other, and some money in her pocket for a poor old woman. The shoes went along quietly, and seemed to know just when to stop.

When all the errands were done, Kitty skipped away to Fairyland. She was feeling very happy, as people always feel when they have done kind things. She soon came to a cozy nook at the foot of a big tree. "I

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wonder if the shoes will let me stop and rest. It is so cool here, and I'm so tired," said Kitty.

The words were hardly out of her mouth when her feet folded under her, and there she sat on a cushion of moss like the queen of the wood on her throne.

Part III.

gayest	pillow	prettily	Christian
famous	scamper	chatting	Andersen
cricket	glimmer	innocent	industrious

"Bless my heart! You came down the hill with long leaps, just like my cousin Grasshopper," said a cricket.

"I'm not a grasshopper, but I have on fairy shoes to-day, and so I do many things that I never did before," answered Kitty. She was very much surprised to be able to understand what the cricket said.

"If you didn't have those shoes on you couldn't understand what I say," said the cricket. "Hark, and hear those squirrels talk, and the birds and the ants down here. Make the most of this chance, for at sunset your shoes will stop skipping, and the fun will all be over."

While the cricket talked, Kitty did hear all sorts of

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little voices singing, laughing, chatting in the gayest way, and she understood every word that they said.

The squirrels called to one another as they raced about:

"Acorns sweet are plenty,
We will have them all;
Skip and scamper lively
Till the last ones fall."

The birds were singing softly:

"Rock-a-bye, babies,
Your cradle hangs high;
Soft down your pillow,
Your curtain the sky."

And the little ants were saying to one another as they hurried in and out of their little houses:

"We are never like
Idle butterflies,
But like the busy bees,
Industrious and wise."

"Ants always were dreadfully good, but butterflies are ever so much prettier," said Kitty, as she listened to the little voices with wonder and pleasure.

Then the frogs began to sing:

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"Hallo! hallo!
Come down below, —
It's lovely and cool
Out here in the pool;
Our games have begun:
Come join in the fun."

"Dear me! what could I do over there in the mud with the queer green frogs?" laughed Kitty.

Just then a cloud of lovely yellow butterflies flew up from a wild rose bush and went dancing away higher and higher, and singing:

"No, no, come and fly
Through the sunny sky,
Or honey sip
From the rose's lip."

"I wish my skipping shoes would let me fly up somewhere, instead of carrying me where I ought to go all the time," said Kitty.

But just at that minute away went the shoes till they pranced Kitty in at the gate just in time for supper. Kitty amused the family by telling all that she had seen and heard in the woods. No one really believed she had seen and heard the things she told about; but her father smiled and said:

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"Go on making up little stories, my dear. By and by you may become as famous as Hans Christian Andersen, whose books you like so well."

"The sun will soon set, and then my fun will be over," thought Kitty. "I must skip while I can." Then she danced round the lawn so prettily that all the family came to see her.

"Come, dear, stop now and run up to bed," said her mother. The big red sun was just going down behind the hills with a last bright glimmer, like the wink of a great sleepy eye.

"Oh, please, a few minutes more," began Kitty. But she was off like a flash, for the shoes trotted her upstairs so fast that she ran against her old nurse.

By the time that she was ready to undress, the sun was out of sight, and the shoes she took off were just common shoes.

But Kitty never forgot the little lessons she had learned. She tried to run willingly when spoken to. Best of all, she always loved the innocent and interesting little creatures in woods and fields. And whenever she was told that she might go to play with them, she hurried away to Fairyland almost as quickly as if she still wore the skipping shoes.

— Louisa M. Alcott, from "Lulu's Library." Used by special permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Co.

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SUPPOSE.

pout	nobler	altered
scold	dunce	temper
frown	easier	creation

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,

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Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less, while walking,
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—PHŒBE CARY.

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THE BOY WHO HATED TREES.

Part I.

sulky	walnut	knives	hatchet
either	excited	wrapper	Morrell
poplar	crowded	rustling	procession

"Good night, Dick. Remember, now, to wake up with the robins, so that you may be ready to help me set out our new trees."

"Good night," answered Dick in a sulky tone, for Dick was cross.

"Trees, trees, trees!" he mumbled to himself as he began to undress. "I'm so sick of hearing about trees. Miss Morrell has talked 'trees' for a week at school, and now father has bought some old twigs to set out to-morrow, and I want to go fishing.

"I wish I lived in a land where there were no trees. We could get along well enough without them." And with this thought he jumped into bed.

Dick had been asleep perhaps an hour or more, when he heard a queer rustling noise, and then a voice called out, "Here he is — the boy who hates trees!"

There was the strangest procession coming toward him. It was made up of trees of all kinds. The Pine

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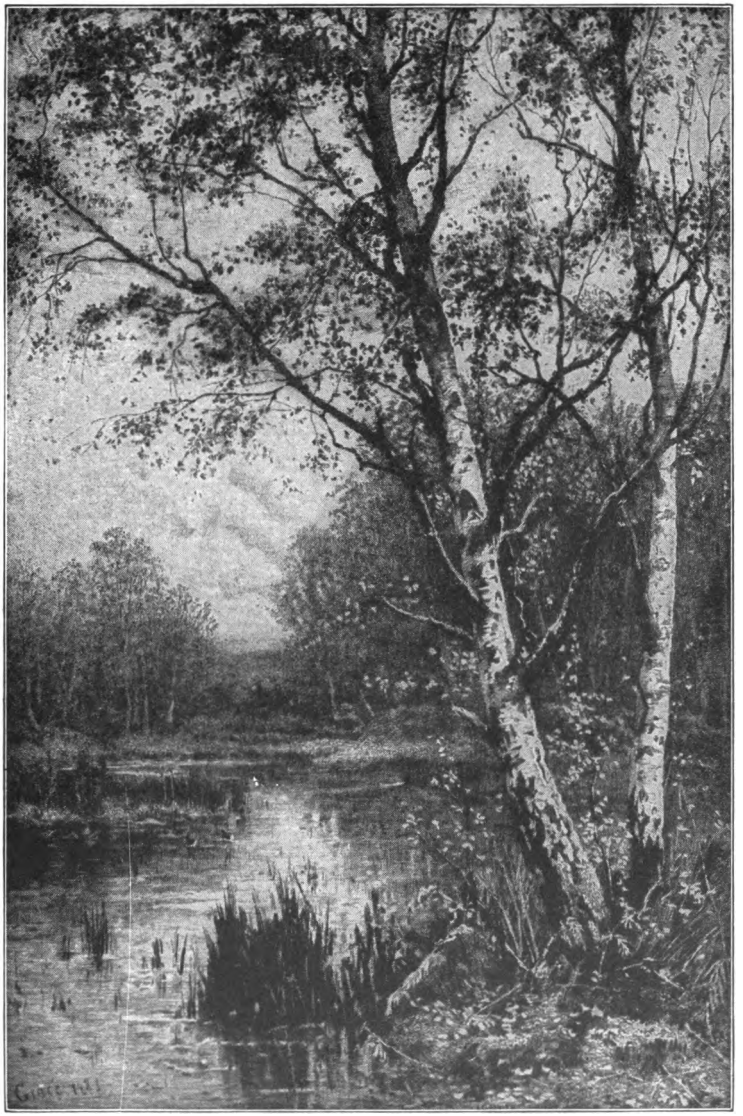

GOLDEN LEAVES. J. E. Grace.

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and the Elm came first; the Maple and the Oak followed: the Maple's leaves were flushed scarlet, she was so excited. The Willow was weeping, and the Poplar was trembling all over.

Next came all the fruit trees, led by the Cherry, while the Walnut, the White Birch, and the Palm were behind.

What did it all mean? Dick was frightened for a moment. It seemed as if every tree of which he had ever heard were there, and he wondered how the room could hold them all.

When they had all grown quiet, the Pine said: "Dear brothers and sisters, here is a boy who hates trees; he cannot see that we are of any use. It is more than I can stand, and I have called this meeting to see what can be done about it. Has any one anything to say?"

The Cherry looked very sour. "I cannot see that *boys* are of any use," she said. "Many years ago, when cherry trees were scarce in this country, a boy named George cut down my great-grandfather just to try his new hatchet."

"And boys know so little," said the White Birch; "they are always hacking me with knives and taking off my coat, no matter how cold the weather is.

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"I loved a boy once, but it was many years ago. He was a little Indian boy. He loved trees. I remember how he stood beside me one warm day and said:

"'Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper.'

"Then he took off my bark so carefully that he did not hurt me a bit. But he is not living now. This boy is not like him."

"I don't like boys, either," spoke up the Apple. "One day a boy climbed up into my branches and broke off one of my limbs. He was a very silly boy, for he wanted green apples. Had my fruit been ripe, I would have tossed one down to him. How happy we should be if it were not for boys!"

The Maple was very angry. "This boy said we were of no use, but it was only this morning that I heard him tease his grandmother for a cake of my sugar."

"He ate it as if he liked it, too," said the Palm. "I saw him; he was fanning himself with one of my leaves."

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ROAD IN THE WOODS. A. Allongé.

The Willow wiped her eyes. "Boys, boys, boys!" she said. "I'm so sick of boys! This same boy made a whistle out of one of my children this very night, when he went for the cows."

Then a queer tree in the corner spoke in a thick voice. "We are of no use, are we? If it were not for me, where would he get the tires for his bicycle? There are his rubber boots, too. Why, he uses me every day about something. But I've thought of a plan."

The trees crowded around him, talking together excitedly.

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"But how shall we do it?" Dick heard them say.

"Oh," said the Elm, "the Wind will help us. He is our friend."

Part II.

haste	trunk	Hawkins	joggles
Arbor	camels	clasping	whistling
circus	thirsty	beckoned	geography

Before Dick could cry out, he found himself being carried away by the Wind.

"Where am I going?" he called.

"To the land of no trees," they answered; and they bowed and smiled. Even the Willow held up her head long enough to call, "Good-by! Good-by!" and then home and trees were left far behind.

How fast the Wind travelled! On and on they rushed, until suddenly the Wind dropped him and went whistling away.

Dick felt really frightened when he found himself all alone.

"Oh, I'm so hot!" he exclaimed. "I wonder where I am."

Certainly he had never before been in such a place. There were no trees nor green grass anywhere in

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sight. As far as he could see, there was only sand — white sand, that was very hot and scorching.

"It seems to me I've seen pictures in my geography like this," he said to himself. "It must be a desert. Oh, I was never so hot before. I can't stay here. What shall I do?"

All at once he noticed a tiny speck far away in the distance. Now it looked larger. He brushed away something that looked very much like a tear, though he told himself that it was only because he was so warm.

Yes, that speck surely moved, and was coming nearer. What if it were a bear!

"There is no tree to climb, and I cannot run — I am so tired, and it is very hot."

Nearer and nearer it came, moving slowly. Dick watched it with a beating heart. At last he saw that it was not a single animal, but a great many in line.

"Oh, they are camels!" he cried. "Yes, I know they are. Once at a circus I saw some that looked just like them — but what queer-looking men are on them!"

They were now very near him, and one of the men beckoned with his hand and said something.

"I can't understand him," said Dick to himself, "but I suppose he means he'll give me a ride."

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The man helped him up and they journeyed on. After a time Dick grew very tired even of riding.

"The camel joggles me so," he said, "and I am so thirsty I shall die. If they would only stop a minute!"

What was the matter? What were they saying? Each man was bowing himself toward the ground and waving his hands.

"I don't see what they are making all that fuss about. I can't see anything, the sun hurts my eyes so." And Dick covered his eyes with his hand.

Suddenly there was a shout, and the camels stood still. Dick lifted his head. Could he believe his eyes? Right before him was a little spot of green grass, a spring of cool water, and one of those things he hated — a tree.

Hate a tree? He thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life.

He fairly tumbled off the camel in his haste to reach it. The tears ran down his face as he threw his arms around its trunk.

"Dear tree!" he cried.

"Dick, Dick, are you going to help me plant the new trees?" called his father.

Opening his eyes, Dick found himself in his own little room, both hands clasping his pillow.

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Dick was soon dressed and downstairs, and so anxious was he to plant trees that he could hardly eat his breakfast.

A week later Miss Morrell said to one of the other teachers: "I think the trees that we planted on Arbor Day will grow if good care has anything to do with it. Dick Hawkins seems to have taken charge of them all."

In just one night he had learned to see
The wonderful beauty there is in a tree.

—Alice L. Beckwith. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Educational Publishing Company.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

lilacs la-bur'nŭm ignorance

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

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VALLEY FARM. John Constable.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups —

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Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

— THOMAS HOOD.

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A NAUGHTY BABY ELEPHANT.

Part I.

twist	tusks	ivory	African
insult	dozen	needle	muscles
contains	weigh	injury	sensitive

"O Uncle John! won't you please tell us some more animal stories now?" cried half a dozen children at once. "You know you promised to tell us some more to-night."

"Well," said Uncle John, "you promised to learn all that you could about elephants. I will tell you a funny story about a naughty baby elephant, after you have each told me something that you have learned about elephants."

"I learned," said James, "that the elephant is the largest land animal. He continues to grow for thirty years, and he often lives to be more than a hundred years old. When full grown he is ten or eleven feet tall, and weighs seven or eight thousand pounds. He is so strong that he can carry very heavy loads, and he is so gentle that little children have been left in his care. He is so trusty and faithful that we can all learn a lesson from him. It would take sixteen oxen to carry a load which one elephant can carry easily."

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"I learned that elephants' tusks are simply upper teeth which have grown too long and large," said Frank. "Two tusks were found which were nine feet long; and an African hunter once found a single tusk which weighed one hundred and sixty-three pounds. Thousands of elephants are killed every year just to get their ivory tusks. Sometime there will be no more elephants, no more ivory, and no more ivory-handled pocket knives."

"The elephant's trunk is very wonderful," said Grace. "It contains about forty thousand muscles, and it serves the purposes of nose, lip, arm, hand, and fingers. With it the elephant can kill a man or brush off a fly; pick up a marble or twist a tree off by its roots. An elephant seldom forgets an injury or an insult. One put his trunk in at a tailor's open window once, hoping to get something good to eat. But instead of giving him something to eat, the tailor pricked the sensitive trunk with his needle. The elephant walked away to a muddy pool and filled his trunk. Then he came back and showered the tailor with the dirty water."

"We are very proud of a horse that will start or stop or back whenever we tell it to," said Kate. "We are also proud of a dog that will stand on its hind legs when told to do so; but in India, elephants are trained

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to do a great many different kinds of work. Each elephant has a driver sitting on his back, and the driver tells him just what to do. At a word or a touch from his driver any well-trained elephant will stop, kneel, back, lie down, turn or lift a log, or drag the log along on the ground when hitched to it by chain tugs."

Part II.

naval hauling leathery lumber

"I am very glad that you have learned so much about elephants," said Uncle John, "and I will now tell you the story:

"There is a certain city in India near the sea where naval officers often go on shore. One of these naval officers once saw a very funny sight there.

"There were seven elephants hauling logs to a saw-mill. There were also two baby elephants.

"One of these baby elephants wanted to have a little fun; so he tried to steal a ride on the log that his mother was hauling. His mother could not understand what made the log so much heavier; so she stopped and looked around to see what was the matter. When she saw what a naughty trick her baby was playing, she gave her head a shake, and he jumped off the log.

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"But he did not mean to be cheated out of his fun so easily. If he could not play one trick, he would try another. So when his mother stopped and was not looking, he unhooked the chain that went around the log, just as he had seen his mother do so many times down at the sawmill. And when his mother tried to pull again, the chain slipped off the log and she fell down, while the driver went heels over head to the ground.

"That little elephant knew he had been very, very naughty. He knew that he ought to be punished, and he knew his mother would punish him.

"You would hardly think elephants could run very fast. But that little elephant ran like a cat. He got behind a pile of lumber, and ran first this way and then that. He wasn't going to let his mother catch him if he could help it.

"The driver and the mother elephant had a long chase to catch the naughty baby. At last they got him in a corner. Then the mother elephant began to slap the little one with her trunk. At first he gave a naughty little toot, as much as to say, 'I won't stand it.' But he soon made up his mind to bear it as well as he could. You might have seen the tears running down his leathery cheeks.

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"That night the officer saw the old elephant and her naughty baby down by the river. She was rubbing him down. I think she was telling him never to do such a naughty trick again. Perhaps he had promised to be good, and she was telling him that she loved her baby very much, and that it broke her heart when he was naughty."

AURORA.

linger	wafts	Diana	gallop	unruly
grieves	strew	goddess	torches	twilights

A long time ago people believed that the palace of the sun was far away in the eastern sky, and that the sun was a great chariot of fire. They also believed that this sun-chariot was drawn by four very fiery horses and driven by Apollo, a very strong man.

Every day this chariot of fire rolled across the sky from east to west, and at night it reached a golden palace in the west. And every night this wonderful chariot with its driver and horses had to get back to the eastern palace by sailing under the earth in a golden boat.

Apollo's beautiful sister Diana is the queen of the night, and Aurora is the beautiful queen of the dawn.

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AURORA. **Guido Reni.**

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When Diana has finished her course through the deep blue sky and all the stars are gone, Aurora with her rosy fingers lifts the curtains of the night and says to gods and men, "Awake!" She throws the golden gates of the morning wide open and shows a beautiful path covered with roses. And rosy boys hold torches to light up the path and tell the people of the earth that the sun god is coming.

The four fiery horses are harnessed, and Apollo mounts the golden chariot, takes the reins, and away they gallop. But Aurora goes ahead to make sure that the way is clear for Apollo and his golden chariot, and also to strew the path with roses. It would be bad for the people of the earth if these fiery horses should become unruly on this wonderful journey across the sky from east to west.

The wind rises from the sea and wafts the clouds along. Aurora touches the clouds, and they blush. She smiles on the rivers, and they answer her in song. She throws a kiss to the trees, and the little leaves dance with joy. The flowers raise their perfumed heads and say, "Good morning!" The little children open their eyes with a laugh and a shout for another day of play. And all the world is awake to give thanks for the glorious sunlight!

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Aurora is the goddess of the evening light as well as of the dawn. Long after the chariot of the sun has disappeared below the western horizon, her rosy fingers are tinting the misty clouds with rosy light. In some countries the twilights are very long, and Aurora seems to linger on the hilltops.

In the evening, when Aurora slowly closes the gates of the west, the eyes of the little children grow tired of day and close in sleep. The birds now seek their nests, and their last faint chirp is heard as the twilight deepens. Then Aurora bars the western gates and returns to the east for her morning task.

But Aurora is not always gay and happy. She once had a strong, brave boy who was killed in war. Aurora mourned for her son, and in sympathy for her, Night spread the heavens with clouds. Aurora still grieves for her son, and night after night she weeps for him. In the early morning you may sometimes see her tear-drops on every blooming flower and every bending blade of grass. Some say that these are only drops of dew, but others say that they are Aurora's tears.

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J. L. Hamon.

AURORA.

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GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, pretty Sun, good night!
I've watched your purple and golden light
  While you are sinking away;
And some one has been telling me
You're making o'er the shining sea
  Another beautiful day;
That just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children are taking a peep
  At your face, — beginning to say,
"Good morning!" just when I say "good night!"
Now, beautiful Sun, if they've told me right,
  I wish you'd say good morning for me
  To all the little ones over the sea.

— SYDNEY DAYRE.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

rooks	bleat	curtsied
flight	violets	neighed

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night!"

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Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night, good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night, good night!"

She did not say to the sun "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning! our work is begun."

—Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton.

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THE WATER LILY.

PART I.

obey	bottom	cluster	palette
pencil	stamen	exactly	reflected
correct	satisfied	fulfilled	diamonds

There was once a little boy who was very fond of pictures. There were not many pictures for him to look at, for he lived long ago near a great American forest. His father and mother had come from England, but his father was dead now. His mother was very poor, but there were still a few beautiful pictures on the walls of her house.

The little boy liked to copy these pictures; but as he was not fond of work, he often threw his drawings away before they were half done. He said that he wished that some good fairy would finish them for him.

"Child," said his mother, "I don't believe that there are any fairies. I never saw one, and your father never saw one. Anyway, if there are fairies, they are jealous and unkind. Mind your books, my child, and never mind the fairies."

"Very well, mother," said the boy.

"It makes me sad to see you stand looking at the

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pictures," said his mother another day, as she laid her hand on his curly head. "Why, child, pictures can't feed a body, pictures can't clothe a body, and a log of wood is far better to burn and warm a body."

"All that is quite true, mother," said the boy.

"Then why do you keep looking at them, child?"

But the boy could only say, "I don't know, mother."

"You don't know! Nor I, neither! Why, child, you look at the dumb things as if you loved them! Put on your cap and run out to play."

So the boy wandered off into the forest till he came to the brink of a little sheet of water. It was too small to be called a lake; but it was deep and clear, and was overhung with tall trees. It was evening, and the sun was getting low.

The boy stood still beside the water and thought how beautiful it was to see the sun, red and glorious, between the black trunks of the pine trees. Then he looked up at the great blue sky and thought how beautiful it was to see the little clouds folding over one another like a belt of rose-colored waves. Then he looked at the lake and saw the clouds and the sky and the trees all reflected there, down among the lilies.

And he wished that he were a painter, for he said to himself, "I am sure there are no trees in the world

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with such beautiful leaves as these pines. I am sure there are no clouds in the world so lovely as these. I know this is the prettiest little lake in the world, and if I could paint it, every one else would know it, too."

But he had nothing to paint with. So he picked a lily and sat down with it in his hand and tried very hard to make a correct drawing of it. But he could not make a very good picture. At last he threw down his drawing and said to the lily:

"You are too beautiful to draw with a pencil. How I wish I were a painter!"

As he said these words he felt the flower move. He looked, and the cluster of stamens at the bottom of the lily-cup glittered like a crown of gold. The dewdrops which hung upon the stamens changed to diamonds before his eyes. The white petals flowed together, and the next moment a beautiful little fairy stood on his hand. She was no taller than the lily from which she came, and she was dressed in a robe of the purest white.

"Child, are you happy?" she asked.

"No," said the boy in a low voice, "because I want to paint and I cannot."

"How do you know that you cannot?" asked the fairy.

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"Oh, I have tried a great many times. It is of no use to try any more."

"But I will help you."

"Oh," said the boy. "Then I might succeed."

"I heard your wish, and I am willing to help you," said the fairy. "I know a charm which will give you success. But you must do exactly as I tell you. Do you promise to obey?"

"Spirit of a water lily!" said the boy, "I promise with all my heart."

"Go home, then," said the fairy, "and you will find a little key on the doorstep. Take it up."

"I will," said the boy. "What shall I do then?"

"Carry the key to the nearest pine tree," said the fairy, "strike the trunk with it, and a keyhole will appear. Do not be afraid to unlock the door. Slip in your hand, and you will bring out a magic palette. You must be very careful to paint with colors from that palette every day. On this depends the success of the charm. You will find that it will make your pictures beautiful and full of grace.

"If you do not break the spell, I promise you that in a few years you shall be able to paint this lily so well that you will be satisfied; and that you shall become a truly great painter."

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"Can it be possible?" said the boy. And the hand on which the fairy stood trembled for joy.

"It shall be so, if only you do not break the charm," said the fairy. "But lest you forget what you owe to me, and as you grow older even begin to doubt that you have ever seen me, the lily you gathered to-day will never fade till my promise is fulfilled."

The boy raised his eyes, and when he looked again there was nothing in his hand but the flower.

Part II.

assist	ripples	native	withered	chamber
liquid	fleeting	surface	collection	perseverance

He arose with the lily in his hand, and went home at once. There on the doorstep was the little key, and in the pine tree he found the magic palette. He was so delighted with it and so afraid that he might break the spell that he began to work that very night. After that he spent nearly all his time working with the magic palette. He often passed whole days beside the sheet of water in the forest. He painted it when the sun shone on it and it was spotted all over with the reflections of fleeting white clouds. He painted it covered with water lilies rocking on the ripples. He

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painted it by moonlight, when but two or three stars in the empty sky shone down upon it; and at sunset, when it lay trembling like liquid gold.

But the fairy never came back to look at his work. He often called to her when he had been very successful. But she never made any answer.

So the years passed, and the boy grew to be a man. He had never broken the charm. The lily had never faded, and he still worked every day with his magic palette.

But no one cared for his pictures. Even his mother did not like them. His forests and misty hills and common clouds were too much like the real ones. She said she could see as good any day by looking out of her window. All this made the young man very unhappy. He began to doubt whether he should ever be a painter, and one day he threw down his palette. He thought the fairy had deserted him.

He threw himself on his bed. It grew dark, and he soon fell asleep; but in the middle of the night he awoke with a start. His chamber was full of light, and his fairy friend stood near the lily.

"Shall I take back my gift?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no, no!" he cried. He was rested now, and he did not feel so much discouraged.

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"If you still wish to go on working, take this ring," said the fairy. "My sister sends it to you. Wear it, and it will greatly assist the charm."

He took the ring, and the fairy was gone. The ring was set with a beautiful blue stone, which reflected everything bright that came near it; and he thought he saw inside the ring the one word — "Hope."

Many more years passed. The young man's mother died, and he went far, far from home. In the strange land to which he went people thought his pictures were wonderful; and he had become a great and famous painter.

One day he went to see a large collection of pictures in a great city. He saw many of his own pictures, and some of them had been painted before he left his forest home. All the people and the painters praised them; but there was one that they liked better than the others. It was a picture of a little child, holding in its hands several water lilies.

Toward evening the people departed one by one, till he was left alone with his masterpieces. He was sitting in a chair thinking of leaving the place, when he suddenly fell asleep. And he dreamed that he was again standing near the little lake in his native land, watching the rays of the setting sun as they melted

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away from its surface. The beautiful lily was in his hand, and while he looked at it the leaves became withered, and fell at his feet. Then he felt a light touch on his hand. He looked up, and there on the chair beside him stood the little fairy.

"O wonderful fairy!" he cried, "how can I thank you for your magic gift? I can give you nothing but my thanks. But at least tell me your name, so that I may cut it on a ring and always wear it."

"My name," replied the fairy, "is Perseverance."

—JEAN INGELOW.

THE BLUEBELL.

petals	chalice	swayed
bonny	swiftly	narrow
	gleamed	

There is a story I have heard;
A poet learned it of a bird
And kept its music, every word.

About two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

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Day after day with longing eye,
The floweret watched the narrow sky
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And swiftly o'er its petals white,
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies, upon a summer night.

And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was formed to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BEAUTY.

PART I.

bathe	grotto	reason	homely	Marion
vases	drowsy	scowled	questions	princesses

Long, long ago there lived two little princesses named Rose and Marion. Rose was very beautiful, and she was so kind and gentle that everybody loved her.

Marion was not at all like her sister. Both her form and her face were very, very homely.

Now, I am sorry to tell you that these little sisters did not live happily together. Marion hated Rose because she was beautiful and because everybody praised

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her. She always scowled when any one asked about her pretty little sister.

Once some one said:

"What beautiful hair Rose has! It is like fine threads of gold."

ROSE. Joseph Coomans.

This made Marion so angry that that night while Rose was asleep she cut off her hair and threw it into the fire.

Poor Rose cried bitterly about it, but she did not scold or strike her sister.

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I am sure you will not think it strange that no one loved Marion. No wonder her face grew homelier every day.

Every one believed that Rose had been blessed by the fairies when she was a baby. They thought that that must be the reason why she was so beautiful and good.

Not far from the home of these two princesses there was a deep grotto. It was said that this grotto led to the palace where the Queen of Fairies lived.

Some said that Rose had gone there one day while chasing a butterfly, and had fallen asleep; that the queen had then dipped her into the Fountain of Beauty and that she had come out as beautiful as an angel.

Marion often asked questions about this story, but Rose always said that she had been told not to speak of it. After a while Marion stopped asking questions, but she thought a great deal about it.

"Why can't I go to the fairy palace and bathe in the Fountain of Beauty?" she said to herself.

One bright summer day Marion went for a walk. Everything was very quiet. She could hear nothing but the soft singing of the birds among the leaves and the lazy hum of the bees.

She went into the grotto, and sat down on a bank of moss. The air around her was as sweet as if it had

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come from a bed of violets. A sound of far-off music came to her ears. Marion began to grow drowsy, and at last she fell asleep.

When she awoke it was evening, and she found herself in a beautiful little hall. It had a rainbow roof, and its walls and floor were of gold set with pearls. All about were vases of sweet-smelling flowers.

The hall was lighted by millions of fireflies flitting about like wandering stars.

Part II.

royal	gauze	guarding	sparkled
mirror	beetle	companies	sprinkle
snatch	silence	mignonette (mĭn yŭn et′)	perfectly

As Marion looked about in wonder and surprise, a beautiful little lady stood before her. Her dress was of green and gold. She wore a mantle of gauze, which was caught up on one shoulder with a pearl. In her hair sparkled a star made of five tiny diamonds, and each diamond was no bigger than a pin's point.

"What can I do for you?" asked the little lady.

Marion knew at once that this must be the Queen of the Fairies, so she bowed low and said:

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"Please, dear queen, make me as beautiful as my sister."

"I will," said she, "if you will promise to do all that I ask."

Marion at once promised that she would.

"The Fountain of Beauty," said the queen, "is on the top of a steep, high hill. Four companies of fairies stand guarding it with their wands. None can pass these fairies but those who obey my orders.

"Go home now. For one week you must not speak one unkind word to your sister. At the end of that time come again to this grotto."

Marion went home with a happy heart. Rose was in the garden watering the flowers. The first thing that Marion saw was that her sister's hair had suddenly grown as long and as beautiful as ever.

This made Marion very angry, and she was just about to snatch the watering pot and sprinkle water all over her sister's new dress, when she remembered what the fairy had said; so she went into the house without saying a word.

The end of the week came, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise.

Again she went to the grotto. The queen was feasting when she entered the hall. The bees brought

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A. Rieger.

SUMMER NIGHT.

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honey and put it on rose-colored shells, which were placed upon a crystal table.

Beautiful butterflies flew about the head of the queen and fanned her with their wings. A lantern fly stood at her side to give her light, and a large diamond beetle formed her footstool. When she had feasted, a dewdrop on a violet petal was brought for her royal fingers.

When Marion came in, the diamond sparks on the wings of the fairies faded. They always did this when they were near any one that was not perfectly good.

"Have you kept your promise?" asked the queen.

"I have," answered Marion.

"Then follow me," said the queen.

Marion did as she was told, and away they went over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds sang to them as they passed, and the butterflies cooled the air with their wings.

Soon they came to the hill, on the top of which was the fairy fountain. The hill was guarded by a band of fairies. They were dressed in green and gauze, and they carried wands of ivory. They kept these wands crossed over the path that led to the top of the hill, and no one could pass them. But the queen waved her

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wand over them, and they spread their thin wings and flew away.

The hill was very steep, and it was a long, long way to the top. The air became sweeter and sweeter, and the farther they went, the more plainly they could hear the sound of falling waters. It was like beautiful music.

At last they came to a band of fairies dressed in blue gauze, and carrying silver wands. They, too, had their wands crossed.

"Here," said the queen, "our journey must end. You can go no farther till you have obeyed the orders that I shall give you. Go home now. For one month do to your sister in everything as you would have her do to you, if you were Rose and she were Marion."

Marion promised, and returned home. She found this promise much harder to keep than the first had been. She could keep from speaking unkindly, but when Rose asked for any of her playthings, she found it hard to give them gently instead of being cross about it.

When Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence. Once when a pocket mirror was found in her sister's room broken into a thousand pieces, she felt like saying she did not know anything about it, though she had broken it herself. But she was so anxious to

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become beautiful that she did as she would be done by. Soon every one began to notice how Marion had changed.

"I love her dearly," said Rose; "she is so good and kind."

"So do I," and "I do, too," said a dozen other voices.

Marion blushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure when she heard this.

"How pleasant it is to be loved," thought she.

Part III.

action	cascade	already
envious	mantles	musical

At the end of the month she went back to the grotto. The queen was waiting for her, and they set out on their way to the Fountain of Beauty. As they passed along, the fairies in green and the fairies in blue lowered their wands and flew away.

They travelled on and on. The path grew steeper and steeper, but the air became much more fragrant, and the musical sound of falling waters was much nearer than before.

At last they reached a band of fairies wearing

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rainbow mantles. They carried silver wands tipped with gold. In face and form these fairies were far more beautiful than any Marion had yet seen.

"Here we must stop," said the queen. "You cannot now go farther than this."

"Why not?" asked Marion, feeling tired and cross.

"Because those who pass the rainbow fairies must be very pure," answered the queen.

"Am I not very pure?" asked Marion. "All the people at home tell me how good I have become."

"They see only the outside," said the queen. "But those who pass the rainbow fairies must be pure in thought as well as in action.

"Return home now. For three months you must not have one envious or wicked thought. You shall then see the Fountain of Beauty."

Marion was very sad as she returned home, for she knew how many wicked thoughts and bad wishes came into her heart.

At the end of three months she again visited the fairy palace. This time the queen did not smile, but in silence she led the way toward the Fountain of Beauty.

The green fairies and the blue fairies flew away when Marion and the queen came up. But the rainbow

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fairies bowed low to the queen and kept their wands firmly crossed. Marion saw that the silver specks on their wings grew dim, and she burst into tears.

"I knew you could not pass them," said the queen. "Wicked thoughts have come to you, and you have not driven them away. Your sister has been ill, and in your heart you wished that she might die or lose all her beauty. But don't be discouraged. You have had these evil thoughts many years, and you must not wonder that it takes many months to get rid of them."

Marion returned home with a very heavy heart. Rose asked her what was wrong.

"Oh, I want so much to become very good, but I cannot," said she.

"When I want to be good," said Rose, "I ask God to help me and He does."

After that, when wicked feelings came into Marion's heart she prayed that God would help her to be pure in thought.

When she again visited the palace of the fairies, the queen smiled and touched her playfully with her wand. She then led the way to the Fountain of Beauty.

The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as they came near. The fairies

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lowered their wands and flew away, and Marion and the queen passed on.

Their path now lay among beautiful flowers, and the air was filled with their fragrance. The sound of falling waters came loud and clear, like the sweetest music.

Soon they came to a cascade leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks. Above the cascade was a rainbow, and below it lay the wonderful Fountain of Beauty. Its waters flowed over a golden bed, and as the fairies bathed in it, the diamonds in their hair shone like sunbeams on the water.

Marion's eyes sparkled with joy.

"Oh, let me bathe in the fountain," she cried.

"Not yet," said the queen. "Behold the purple fairies with golden wands that guard the fountain!"

Marion looked and saw fairies far lovelier than any she had yet seen.

"You cannot pass them yet," said the queen. "Go home now. For one year drive away all evil thoughts. This you must do, not because you wish to bathe in the Fountain of Beauty, but because you wish goodness for its own sake. If you can do this, your work will be finished."

This was the hardest of all, for Marion had tried

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Joseph Coomans.

MARION.

to be good, not because it was right, but because she wished to be beautiful.

Three times she returned to the grotto, and three times she was sent home in tears.

The fourth time the purple fairies lowered their wands and allowed her to pass. Marion was about to plunge into the fountain, but the queen touched her and said:

"Look in the mirror of the waters. Are you not already as beautiful as any one could wish?"

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Marion looked and saw that her form was as perfect, and her face as fair, her eyes as bright, and her cheeks as rosy as her sister's. She was very much surprised.

"Why, I have not even touched the fountain," she said.

"That is true," answered the queen. "But its waters have been in your heart. Remember that a pure heart is the only fountain of beauty."

Marion went home very happy; and ever after she and Rose lived lovingly together.

— Susie Sunbeam.

THE FAIRY SISTERS.

greet	gloomy	rimmed
pride	resolved	crisscross

There was once a little maiden,
  And she had a mirror bright;
It was rimmed about with silver,
  'Twas her pride and her delight;
But she found two fairy sisters
  Lived within this pretty glass,
And very different faces showed,
  To greet the little lass.

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If she was sweet and sunny,
Why, it was sure to be
The *smiling* sister who looked out
Her happy face to see.
But if everything went crisscross,
And she wore a frown or pout,
Alas! alas! within the glass
The *frowning* one looked out.

Now this little maiden loved so much
The smiling face to see,
That she resolved with all her heart
A happy child to be.
To grow more sweet and loving,
She tried with might and main,
Till the frowning sister went away,
And ne'er came back again.

But if she's looking for a home,
As doubtless is the case,
She'll try to find a little girl
Who has a gloomy face.
So be very, very careful,
If you own a mirror, too,
That the frowning sister doesn't come
And make her home with you.

—HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

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MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

cull blisters

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan.
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
And cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen in the sweet-smelling hay."

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE.

cellar	brick	jelly	kernels	dangerous
cheese	bacon	turkey	pudding	invitation

Did you ever say to yourself, "Oh! I wish that I were rich;" or, "I wish that I lived in a big house, and had all the toys that I could play with"?

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Perhaps if you did live in a big house, and did have a great many fine toys, you would wish that you were a poor little boy, who could play in the mud, or wade in the brook. Mice and men and even little children often make very foolish wishes.

There was once a mouse that lived in the country. His home was in a barn, where there was plenty of corn and oats and wheat. There was no cat or dog there, and you know cows and horses never hurt mice.

This mouse had a friend that lived in the city. One fall the country mouse sent the city mouse an invitation to come out to eat Thanksgiving dinner with him. Of course the city mouse came. They had nice, fat kernels of corn and oats and wheat to eat, and there was also a little bacon that had been hung in the barn. The country mouse thought that it was a fine dinner. The city mouse tried to eat it, but he could not help thinking about the nice things that he would have had at home in the city.

After dinner the city mouse said: "Old friend, I must have a plain talk with you. Do you know that you live an ant's life out here in the country? I do not see how you can bear to live this poor life in this old barn. Why not come with me to the city, where you will have all sorts of good things to eat,

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and a gay time? You are really wasting your life in this quiet place. Come up to visit me, and I will show you how fine the city is. Come and take Christmas dinner with me, and I will show you a dinner worth eating. Why, we have cheese, and bread, and turkey, and jelly, and pudding, and cake, and candy, and —"

"I'll come," said the country mouse. "You must live well. I think that I should like to live in the city."

"If you lived in the city, you would be as fat as I am in a few weeks," said the city mouse. "Just see how fat I am!"

When Christmas came the country mouse was on hand at the big brick house in the city where his friend lived.

"What a warm house you have!" said the country mouse. "I can hardly breathe in here."

"It is never cold here," said the city mouse. "Mice that live in warm houses never get thin."

"Where do you keep all those nice things to eat that you told me about?" said the country mouse.

"They're in the pantry, but we can't go in there now. The cook's in there," answered the city mouse.

"The cook? Well, what of her?"

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"You won't ask such questions when you have been here a little longer."

"Let us go down cellar," said the country mouse.

"Oh, we can't go down there now," said the city mouse. "The cat is in the cellar now."

"The cat? What is a cat?"

"Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! You don't know much, do you?" laughed the city mouse. "Don't know what a cat is! Why, a cat is an animal that lives for nothing in the world but to catch mice."

"O dear! I think that this is a very dangerous place."

"But you just wait until we get some of that turkey dinner," said the city mouse.

They waited until night. The country mouse got very hungry, but the city mouse said it wasn't safe to go out until every one had gone. At last they crept into the dining room. They were both very hungry, and they jumped up on the table. How good everything did look, and what a feast they did have!

All at once the dining room door opened.

"Mice!" cried a boy. "Here, Gyp. Mice!"

How the mice did run! The little dog nearly bit off the country mouse's tail. It scared him so that he thought he would die of fright.

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"O dear! I don't see how you can live here," said the country mouse.

"Well, we will now go into the pantry," said the city mouse. "No one will be coming in there to-night."

So they went into the pantry, and they found many nice things to eat there. The country mouse was just beginning to forget his fright, when suddenly something went "snap!" The country mouse jumped nearly out of his skin.

"What in the world was that?" he cried.

"Only a trap," said the city mouse. "You must look out for such things. Before you know it you will get caught."

The country mouse sat still. His little heart was beating wildly. But just as soon as he was able to speak he said: "Well! if this is city life, I have seen enough of it. Stay in this fine place if you like, but I shall be only too glad to get back to my quiet home in the old barn, and to my plain corn, oats, and wheat. A grain of corn in safety is better than fine cake in fear."

—Aesop's Fables.

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THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

PART I.

loose	Hamelin	bargain	tawny
Weser	Hanover	guilders	brawny
mayor	Germany	Pied Piper	chiefly

Hamelin is a beautiful little town near Hanover, Germany:

"The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied."

But there were so many rats in this pretty little town about five hundred years ago that the people did not know what to do. They tried every plan to get rid of them, but the rats became worse and worse every day. And at last the people began to think that they should have to move out and let the rats have the town.

There were thousands and thousands of them! They swarmed in the houses, and ran about the streets in broad daylight. They ate up everything that came in their way, and even bit the babies in the cradles:

"They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats."

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At last the people felt that they could bear it no longer and that something must be done at once. So one day they met in a body at the Town Hall and told the Mayor and the Council that they must find some way to get rid of the rats. The Mayor and the Council sat there thinking for an hour, but they could think of no plan. "Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!" said the Mayor; and just then they heard a gentle rap at the door.

"Come in!" cried the Mayor.

The door opened and in came the strangest-looking man. He was tall and thin, and he wore a queer long coat that reached from his head to his heels. One half of his coat was red and the other half was yellow. He had light, loose hair and sharp blue eyes that twinkled under the broad brim of his hat. And no one knew who he was or where he came from.

He came up to the table where the Mayor and the Council sat. "My friends," said he, "I am called the *Pied* Piper because I wear a suit made of many different colors. By means of a secret charm I'm able to draw after me

"'All creatures living beneath the sun
That creep or swim or fly or run.
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm.'

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"If I can rid your town of rats will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One thousand guilders? Yes, we will give you fifty thousand guilders!" they cried. "But you must take all the rats away."

"Very well," said the piper; "it is a bargain."

Then he opened the door and walked into the street. He put his pipe to his lips and began to play so low and so sweetly that it charmed every one who heard it. But before he had played three notes —

"Out of the houses the rats came tumbling —
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the piper for their lives."

Down to the river went the piper, playing sweetly all the way, and drawing the great army of rats after him. In plunged the rats one after another, and they were all drowned. All, did I say? Oh, no, there was one very large old rat that swam across the river and carried the news to Rat-land.

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G. J. Pinwell.

PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN BEGUILING THE RATS.

You should have heard the people ringing the bells when they saw the rats go under. "There is no doubt about it," they said. "The rats are all gone, and the town is saved. But the worst of it is still to come. How are we to pay the piper?"

Part II.

eagle	blocks	joyous	permitted
gypsy	vermin	tripping	instrument

Just then the piper came back. "All your rats," he said, "have jumped into the river, and I promise you

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that not one of them shall ever come back; but you must now pay me my thousand guilders."

A thousand guilders! The Mayor and the Council turned pale. They began to think what this money would buy.

"Why pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow?
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, we think."

Then they asked the piper to take fifty guilders instead of a thousand.

"No," cried the piper, "I will not take one guilder less than a thousand. But if you do not keep your promise I will play a different tune."

"You may blow your pipe till you burst!" they said. "We are not afraid of you. Do your worst."

Once more the piper put his pipe to his lips and began to play, but before he had played three notes—

"Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and golden curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

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H. Kaulbach.

PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

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The Mayor was dumb and the Council stood as if turned to blocks of stone. The children were following the piper straight toward the river!

"Oh, he will drown our children just as he did the rats!" they cried. But when the piper reached the river he turned and went toward a mountain. There was great joy in every heart. They thought the children would now be safe.

"He never can cross that mountain," they cried. "He will have to stop when he comes to that."

But when they reached the mountain a wonderful door opened in the side of it. The piper went in first, and all the children followed him, and when the very last one was in the wonderful door closed behind them.

Did I say all? No! not all. One was lame and could not follow fast enough to reach the door before it was closed again. He was left alone, and he went slowly back to his home. And in after years he was sad, and when asked the reason he always said: "Oh, it is dull here since my playmates left! I am always thinking of the pleasant sights that they are seeing and the good times that they are having. The piper said we should see many new and strange things in that joyous land:

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"'Honey bees that had lost their stings,
And horses born with eagles' wings.'"

The people spent years trying to find the piper. They sent word over all the country that they would give him all the gold and silver he wished if he would only bring back the children. But the piper and the children were gone forever.

The people of Hamelin will tell you that this sad thing happened in the year 1284. The street through which the piper led the children is called "Pied Piper Street," and it is still pointed out to strangers. To this day no one is permitted to play on any sort of musical instrument on that street. And these words are placed where all can see them:

"*Always keep your promise.*"

(A guilder is a Dutch coin worth about forty cents of United States money.)

A SHORT SERMON.

gild peace thorns thistles

Children, who read my lay,
Thus much I have to say:
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right!

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Right things, in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars and all,
You shall have light!

This further I would say:
Be tempted as you may,
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true!
True things, in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars and all,
Heaven would show through!

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow;
And, though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set;
So, if you a good would get,
Good you must be!

Life's journey, through and through,
Speaking what is just and true;
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,

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When you work and when you play
Each day, and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.

— ALICE CARY.

THE POET SISTERS.

Ohio	scenery	October	Brooklyn
eager	volume	memory	Cincinnati
rustle	describe	sweetbrier	Phœbe Cary (fē'bĕ)

Alice and Phœbe Cary were two sisters, who loved little children and wrote many beautiful poems for them.

These sisters were born on Clovernook Farm near Cincinnati, Ohio, nearly one hundred years ago. Alice was born in 1820, and Phœbe in 1824. The state of Ohio was then new, the people were poor, and comforts were few.

Their home was a small, unpainted house which looked toward the sunset. A cherry tree leaned over the roof, and apple trees grew so close to the house that they almost pushed their strong boughs through the windows. Sweetbrier climbed up and peeped in at the windows, and almost covered one side of the house.

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The children played together in the open air, and they knew every nook and corner of their father's farm. They gathered wild flowers in May and nuts in October, and they learned to love trees and flowers and birds and bees. They used to sit together beneath a roof of golden morning clouds. They used to stand hand in hand waist-deep in flowers and watch the sunset hang its scarlet fringe along the low, white clouds. And it may be that these two little sisters saw more beauty and heard more melody in nature than other eyes and ears could see or hear.

Alice tells you of the wild and free life of their childhood in these beautiful lines:

"Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago."

And Phœbe tells you about her early childhood in the following lines:

"Two careless, happy children,
Up when the east was red,
And never tired and never still
Till the sun had gone to bed;

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Pleased with the same old stories,
Heard a thousand times;
Believing all the wonders
Written in tales or rhymes.
Thinking it took forever
For little children to grow,
And that seventy years of a lifetime
Never could come and go.
Oh, I know they were happier children
Than the world again may see,
For one was my little playmate,
And one, ah! one was me!"

These two sisters began very early to dream dreams and to write poems. Their poems were printed, and people liked to read them. You will find in this book three poems, "The Wise Fairy," "Fairy-Folk," and "A Short Sermon," which Alice Cary wrote for children. You will also find a poem called "Suppose," which Phœbe Cary wrote for you. By and by you will read the poems which describe their beautiful mother, and the dear old home that they both loved so well.

After the sisters grew up, they went to the great city of New York and made a home for themselves there. But they never forgot their dear old Clovernook

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Farm and the beautiful scenery of the Ohio hills and valleys. In their city home, these sisters used to shut their eyes and listen till they thought that they heard the rustle of the cherry tree on the roof, and smelled again the sweetbrier under the windows. Many of their most beautiful poems show us how often and how fondly their hearts went back to the home of their childhood:

"For bright as brightest sunshine
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams."

Ask your teacher to read you "An Order for a Picture," in which Alice Cary describes her mother, and "Our Homestead," in which Phœbe Cary paints a picture of their childhood home. It will be still better if you learn to read these poems yourself.

Neither Alice nor Phœbe ever married. They lived together and worked together all their lives, and their poems are bound together in one volume. They both died the same year, 1871, and they are sleeping side by side in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Here at last their eager brains and tireless hands are at rest. Here their tender loving hearts are forever still.

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A LITTLE BOY OF LONG AGO.

Part I.

route	Italy	directly	cargoes
spices	jewels	Atlantic	probable
parents	wealth	Christopher Columbus	monsters

Long, long ago, far over the sea in sunny Italy, a little baby boy was born. His name was Christopher Columbus.

His father was a poor man and had to work hard for a living; but Christopher's mother took such good care of him and his sister and his brothers that they were all very happy.

Their home was near the seashore. When little Christopher was old enough, he played on the beach all day long. He liked to lie on the warm sand and watch the great ships come and go. He liked to watch the busy sailors unloading their strange cargoes of silks, spices, and jewels. But best of all he liked to hear the stories that the sailors told about the places that they had visited and the things that they had seen.

They told him of wonderful lands over the sea, where they had seen many beautiful flowers, strange birds, and great heaps of gold and silver. When little Christopher heard these stories, he would say:

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"When I am old enough and strong enough, I'm going to be a sailor! I shall sail away in a big ship, and bring home loads of gold and silver!"

While he was still very small, he went to a school near his home, where he learned to read and write; and when he was a little older, his father sent him to a better school.

But the schools of that day were very different from our schools. The art of printing had been known only a short time, and it is probable that Christopher Columbus had never seen a printed book. A few printed books might have been found in libraries, but most books of that time were rolls of paper, on which the words were written with pen and ink. In the schools the pupils had no books, but learned what the teacher told them.

When Christopher was twelve years old, he had to leave school and go to work. His parents were too poor to send him to school any longer; and so he stayed at home and helped his father, but he did not like the work. He longed to be a sailor; and so when he was fourteen years old, he went to sea for the first time.

After that he sailed far and wide on the sea. When he became a man, he said that he had sailed wherever

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V. Brozik.

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

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man had sailed before him. But if he had not done more than that, you and I should never have heard of him. He became famous because he went where no man had ever sailed. But before I tell you what Columbus did, you must hear what strange things the people of that time believed.

The smallest child among you to-day knows that this earth of ours is round; but in those days men and women, and even most teachers, believed that the world was flat. They thought that if a man went on and on, he would come to the end of the earth, and that if he got too near the edge, he would fall off.

They called the Atlantic Ocean the "Sea of Darkness." This name shows how little they knew about it and how much they dreaded it. They believed that if a man sailed out on this "Sea of Darkness," he would never come back again; that he would come to clouds of darkness and seas of fire; and that great monsters would swallow his ship.

There were, however, a few wise men who did not believe these stories. They said that the earth was round, and that if a man sailed straight west, he would at last come back to the place from which he had started. Yet none of these wise men ever sailed west to see whether this was true.

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In those days spices, drugs, silks, precious gems, and many other useful and beautiful things were brought to Italy from China and India. China and India are a long way east of Italy, and sailors could not then reach those countries directly by ships, because they had not found their way round the southern point of Africa. To reach those countries people then had to cross deserts on the backs of camels. This took a long time, as the deserts were very large and the camels could not go very fast. Therefore wealth and fame awaited the sailor who could find an all-water route to India.

Columbus heard what the wise men had said. The more he thought about it, and the longer he watched the sea and the sky, the more he believed that they were right.

"If the earth is round, as I believe it is, why can't I reach India by sailing west?" he said.

But the people only laughed at him.

"Do you think that on the other side of the world men walk with their heads down?" they asked. "And do trees grow with their roots up? What a crazy idea! Your ships would have to sail up-hill to get back!"

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Palos	voyage	pledge	secured
Spain	attempt	provide	revealed
vessels	appointed	Portugal	necessary
convent	Ferdinand	impressed	announce

At last Columbus made up his mind to try to do what no other man at that time dared attempt. He made up his mind to try to sail across the Atlantic Ocean and around the world!

But to do all this he needed ships and money, and he had neither. He was too poor to fit out even a single ship for such a voyage as he had planned.

He went to many rich and learned men, and asked them to help him; but they only laughed at him. He asked the king of Portugal for help, but the king declared that his ideas were foolish fancies. He then visited Spain, and asked Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand to aid him in his plan. But the people of Spain were in the midst of a great war, and no one would listen to poor Columbus.

Columbus still hoped, however, to get a chance to explain his plans to the king and queen of Spain. So he waited and waited for seven long years. He then made up his mind that he would wait no longer.

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Disappointed, and almost heartbroken, he decided to leave Spain.

One hot summer day two travellers begged for food and rest at the gate of a convent a few miles from the town of Palos, Spain. One of these travellers was a tall man with a thoughtful face, and the other was a little boy about eight years old. The man was Christopher Columbus, and the little boy was his son. His young wife died when this little boy was a baby.

A very kind man lived at this convent, and while Columbus was eating his dinner, he told this good man his idea about the world's being round. He also told him how hard he had tried, and how long he had waited to get a chance to explain his plans to the queen of Spain.

"I know the queen," said the man. "I used to live in her family. We were once very good friends. I'll go and see her myself. Stay here with your boy till I come back."

Columbus waited. In a few days the queen sent for him. Oh, how happy he was! She sent him some money, too. So he left his little son at the convent and went to see the queen.

The queen called her wise men together, and asked them what they thought of the idea of sailing around the world.

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"Very foolish!" said some.

"Let him try it!" said others.

Columbus showed his maps and charts to the queen, and explained his plan of reaching India by sailing westward. He begged her to aid him. The good queen was so impressed with the story that she declared she would pledge her jewels, if necessary, to provide ships for the voyage.

By the aid of the queen and two rich sea-captains of Palos, three small vessels were secured. But the troubles of Columbus were not yet over. No one had ever before dared sail straight out toward the middle of the Atlantic, and the boldest sailors were afraid to try it. But at last the three ships were ready. On the deck of one of them stood Columbus. There was not a happier man in the world than he. He had no fears.

A crowd of weeping wives, mothers, sisters, and friends came down to the shore to say good-by to the daring sailors, whom they feared they should never see again.

They sailed west for many days. They sailed and sailed and sailed. Still there was nothing but the great ocean all about them. One night clouds covered the sky. The wind blew hard, the waves rose, and there was a great storm. It lasted three days and three nights. The sailors thought of the old stories about the "Sea of

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Carl von Piloty.

COLUMBUS ON THE DECK OF THE SANTA MARIA.

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Darkness." They were rough men, but now they bowed their heads and cried like children. Every day seemed a year. From sunrise to sunrise nothing was to be seen but water and sky.

Twice there was a joyful cry of Land! Land! but when they got nearer they saw that what they had thought was land was nothing but banks of clouds. Then they began to whisper among themselves that Columbus had gone mad, and they were almost ready to kill him because he would not turn back. These were sad days for the brave sailor.

But they changed to very bright days when a little before daylight one morning, a gun was fired on one of the vessels to announce the joyful tidings that land had been seen. The morning sunlight revealed a beautiful country. Strange men came to the shore to see the sailors. These men had red skins and long, straight, black hair.

Columbus thought the land he had reached was India. So he called these strange people Indians, and that is what we call them to this day.

But this beautiful country was not India. Even if there had been no land in the way, Columbus would have had to sail twice as far as he had already gone, in order to reach India. Columbus had done more than

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he thought. Instead of reaching the Old World by sailing west, he had come to a New World. He had discovered our own dear America.

AMERICA.

(To be committed to memory.)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
    Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
    Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
    Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
    Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
    Sweet Freedom's song;

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Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

—SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

hymn	United
national	Samuel Francis Smith

America is the national hymn of the United States. When you have learned it by heart, you will want to know something about the man who wrote it. His name was Samuel Francis Smith.

He loved to teach children to sing, and he wrote this hymn for them. It was first used at a children's celebration in Park Street Church, Boston, in 1832. He told the children that he wrote the lines one rainy afternoon while looking through some old music books.

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He had no thought that it would become a national hymn. How it rang through that church as they all sang it together! And it has been ringing ever since; for it is now sung in every schoolroom in the land. He loved children, and it pleased him greatly to hear their sweet voices singing his song. He died in 1895.

BENJY IN BEASTLAND.

PART I.

Benjy	torture	hoarse	abuse	raven
slovenly	torment	scrubbed	feebly	wagged

Benjy was a bad boy. It is sad to say it, but it is the truth. His name was Benjamin, but he was always called Benjy. He always had a cloudy, slovenly look, like a slate that is only half washed. There was something about his looks which made you think that it would be a good thing for him if he could be scrubbed inside and out with hot water and soap.

But Benjy's worst fault was cruelty to animals. He liked to see them suffer, and he often hurt them just to see what they would do. It is hard to believe that any one would take pleasure in seeing living creatures

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suffer pain. Yet Benjy did. He had that taste for torture which seems to be born with some boys.

Benjy had no brothers, but he had two little sisters. They were both younger than Benjy, and they were dear, merry little things. Many boys would have found it pleasant to play with them, but Benjy did not. He always showed how much he disliked to play with them, and it made them feel very bad.

One of his little sisters said one day: "Benjy does not care for us because we are only girls. So we have taken Nox for our brother."

Nox was a big, curly Newfoundland dog. He was as black as night, and his hair was as glossy as a raven's wing. He liked to play with the little girls, but he liked best of all to swim about in the river near their home. He used to go into the water every morning and bring out everything which he thought ought not to be there. And he put all these things under an old willow tree which stood on the bank of the river.

Now, I must tell you that Benjy did not like Nox, and I must also tell you why he did not like him. This bad boy had tied stones around the necks of many cats and dogs and dropped them into the river. Nox had found every one of these poor dead creatures, and brought them out and put them under the willow tree.

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Then Benjy was found out and punished, and this is why he did not like the brave dog.

There was another dog at Benjy's home. This was a little dog named Mr. Rough. His ears were clipped, his legs were bent, and his tail was short. Benjy had taught him to kill cats, and his eyes had been almost scratched out by the cats. His lean little body bore the marks of many kicks and blows, and his hoarse bark sounded as if he had a bad cold.

If Benjy liked any animal it was Mr. Rough. He could stand so much abuse that Benjy admired him. Yet he treated him worse than he did Nox. Mr. Rough was small, and Nox was so big that Benjy was afraid to treat him as he did the poor little dog.

But one day Benjy did play a trick on Nox. The big dog was asleep. Benjy sat near him and kept pricking the dog's lips lightly with a fine needle. Nox would half wake up, shake his head, rub his lips with his paw, and then drop off to sleep again. And when he was sound asleep, Benjy would begin again, for he did like to tease and torment. At last this cruel boy stuck the needle in so far that Nox jumped up and broke the needle off. Benjy laughed and ran away.

A part of the needle stuck fast in the dog's lip. Benjy's little sisters found it and pulled it out. How

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they did cry to see their pet suffer so! Nox sat still and moaned faintly and wagged his tail very feebly. But when the needle was out, he fairly knocked the little sisters down trying to thank them. He licked their faces till he was out of breath. Then he talked to himself about it till he fell asleep again, and dreamed about his enemy and growled at him.

Benjy did not feel like being kind to any one or anything. So when he found Mr. Rough, he gave him a kick. And for the first time Mr. Rough ran away from his master.

Benjy could not find Mr. Rough again that day, but while looking for him, he found another little dog. He amused himself for some time throwing stones at this dog. This would have been very good fun for Benjy, but one of the stones struck the dog on the head and killed it. So Benjy tied something around the dog's neck and threw it into the river.

Part II.

tabby	tongue	blaze	solemn	pigeons
yonder	welcome	polite	prairie	Beastland

Benjy went to bed early that night, but he could not sleep. He kept thinking about the little white dog

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and wishing that he had not thrown it into the river. He was not sorry that he had been cruel. Oh, no! He was only afraid he would be found out and punished. He felt sure that Nox would be swimming in the river early the next morning, and that he would find the little dog. Benjy was afraid he would not get up early enough in the morning. He thought it would be best to go out that night and get the little dog out of the river and hide it or bury it. So at last he got up and went down to the river.

When Benjy looked up into the big willow, the moon was looking down at him through the limbs of the tree. It looked so large and seemed so near that Benjy thought he could touch it with his hand if he were in the top of the tree. Then he thought of a story book in which he had read that all animals went to the moon when they died.

"I wonder if that little dog I killed last night is up there," said Benjy. As he said this, he thought he saw the man in the moon wink at him. Then the man in the moon said: "This is Beastland. Won't you come up and see whether the dog is here? Can you climb?"

"I guess I can climb," said Benjy. As he climbed up from one branch to another, the moon grew larger and larger and brighter and brighter! And when he

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reached the very top of the tree he could see nothing but a blaze of white light all around him.

"Walk right in," said the man in the moon. "Put out your feet, and don't be afraid!"

So Benjy stepped into the moon and found that he was in Beastland.

Oh! it was such a queer place, and yet it was very beautiful. There were very many animals there, and they were all free. They came in crowds to welcome Benjy. And they were all so kind and polite to him that he soon felt quite at home.

The cats rubbed their heads against his legs. The dogs capered around him and barked and wagged their tails. Pigeons sat on his shoulders and swallows sat on his hat. A wise and solemn old elephant came and knelt before him. And Benjy climbed up on the great elephant's back, and started out for a ride.

A wasp showed him her nest, and the ants took him to see their great earth cities. The prairie dogs showed him the houses they had made in the ground, and one old spider really wanted to teach Benjy to make webs.

"When you are ready to begin, find a place where you can tie your first line," said the spider. "Of course you have a ball of thread inside of you."

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"I can't say that I have," said Benjy, "but I have some string in my pocket."

"That's all right," said the spider. "I call it thread; you call it string; and whether it's in your body or your pocket is all the same."

Just as the spider was giving Benjy his lesson, the little bird who tells tales and carries news flew in and whispered, first to one animal and then to another, who and what Benjy was.

Dear me, what a change that made! The animals were no longer friendly and kind to him. One old tabby cat puffed out her tail and ran up a tree. "Boy! Boy!" she cried. And in Beastland "boy" is as bad a name as "beast" is with us.

"Just think what he might do to us, if we were down yonder!" cried an old pug dog.

Then the animals took Benjy to the lion, who is the king of the beasts. They asked the lion what was to be done with a boy who had been so cruel.

"First let me hear what the boy has to say for himself," said the lion.

So the beasts placed themselves in a circle around Benjy; but he was so frightened that he could not say a word.

"Well, what has this boy done?" asked the lion.

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"He stones and drowns dogs! He hurts and kills cats!" cried all the animals.

"No; Mr. Rough kills the cats," said Benjy. He had found his tongue at last.

"Very well," said the lion, "we will send down for Mr. Rough."

Soon Mr. Rough trotted into the circle with his little short tail standing straight up.

"Mr. Rough," said the lion, "Benjy says it is you, and not he, who kill cats."

"Bow-wow-wow!" cried Mr. Rough. "Am I to blame? Bow-wow! Who taught me to do it? That bad boy there. Bow-wow!"

Part III.

signal	grief	jingle
during	pined	thinner

The beasts were very angry when Mr. Rough had told all that he knew about Benjy. They made up their minds that such a boy should be punished.

"He has been very cruel," cried the old tabby cat. "And he has taught this poor little dog to be cruel! I say he's a bad boy!"

"Gentle beasts, birds, and fishes," said the lion,

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"you have all heard what this boy has done. He ought to be treated as he has treated us. But we must not be cruel because he has been. He must be punished, however. He is not good enough to stay with us. Let us tie an old tin can to him and chase him from Beastland. Mr. Rough shall be our leader. I will let you know when to begin the chase."

When everything was ready, the lion gave a great roar as a signal for the chase to begin. And Benjy was chased out of Beastland with Mr. Rough and all the other animals at his heels. The old tin can hurt his heels at every step, but Benjy ran and ran till he got to the end of the moon. Then he jumped off, and Mr. Rough jumped after him.

Down, down, they went! How far and how long it seemed! It was morning now, and the sun was shining, but still they went on, on, down, down, till they fell into the river. Mr. Rough soon swam ashore, but Benjy had never learned to swim.

As Benjy sank in the water, he thought of all the cruel and unkind things that he had done. He thought of the dogs and the cats that he had drowned, and of how cruel he had been to Nox. And when he came to the top of the water he saw the big dog standing on the bank above him.

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"Now, Nox has come to hurt me because I hurt him," he thought. But just as Benjy was sinking again, the black nose of the big dog came close to his face. And the soft mouth that he had hurt with the needle now took hold of him firmly, but gently.

Then the good dog swam with him to the shore and laid him under the willow tree.

Benjy's father found him there and took him home. He was sick a long, long time. When he grew better, he told about his visit to Beastland. But his friends thought that he fell from the willow tree into the water, and that his visit to Beastland was only a dream he had had during his long sickness.

His little sisters were very kind to him while he was in bed. Benjy liked to play with them. He learned to like their pets, and he grew kinder and gentler every day.

Mr. Rough had been kept out of the room ever since his master was taken sick. This made the little dog so unhappy that he would not eat, and he grew thinner and weaker every day. Though Benjy had often been cruel to him, the little heart in that rough little body pined for him day after day.

One day, when Benjy was getting better, he asked to see Mr. Rough. Some one opened the door, and the

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little dog came running in. When Benjy heard the jingle of his collar, he sat up and held out his arms.

Mr. Rough jumped into them, and then fell dead. Yes, Mr. Rough died of joy at seeing Benjy again.

Benjy was very sorry, and his grief almost made him sick again. This softened Benjy's little heart once and forever. And as the tears rolled down his pale cheeks on Mr. Rough's poor little scratched face, he felt that he could never again be cruel to any animal.

—JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

MEMORY LESSON.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

flock	troop	laddie
meek	glance	guided
group	throng	offered

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down on the slippery street.

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At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

— From "Harper's Weekly." Copyright, 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

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ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

PART I.

An'dro clus Romans savage capture howl

Many years ago, when soldiers were captured in war, they were sold as slaves. There was once a soldier named Androclus who had been sold by the Romans as a slave. His master took him to Africa, and a very hard life Androclus lived there. His master abused him, and at last the poor slave ran away.

A large part of northern Africa is a desert. There are no trees in the desert, and very little grass. Here and there a spring may be found, to which all the wild animals go to drink; and as you may suppose, men do not care to go into the desert. If they do not die of thirst and hunger, they fear that they will be eaten up by wild beasts.

But when Androclus ran away, there was no place for him to go except to the desert. He wandered about over the hot sand, but he could find neither food nor water. He could not find even a shady spot in which to rest. At last, however, he saw a cave: so he crawled into it and lay down to rest, and perhaps to die.

It was cool in there, and he soon fell fast asleep.

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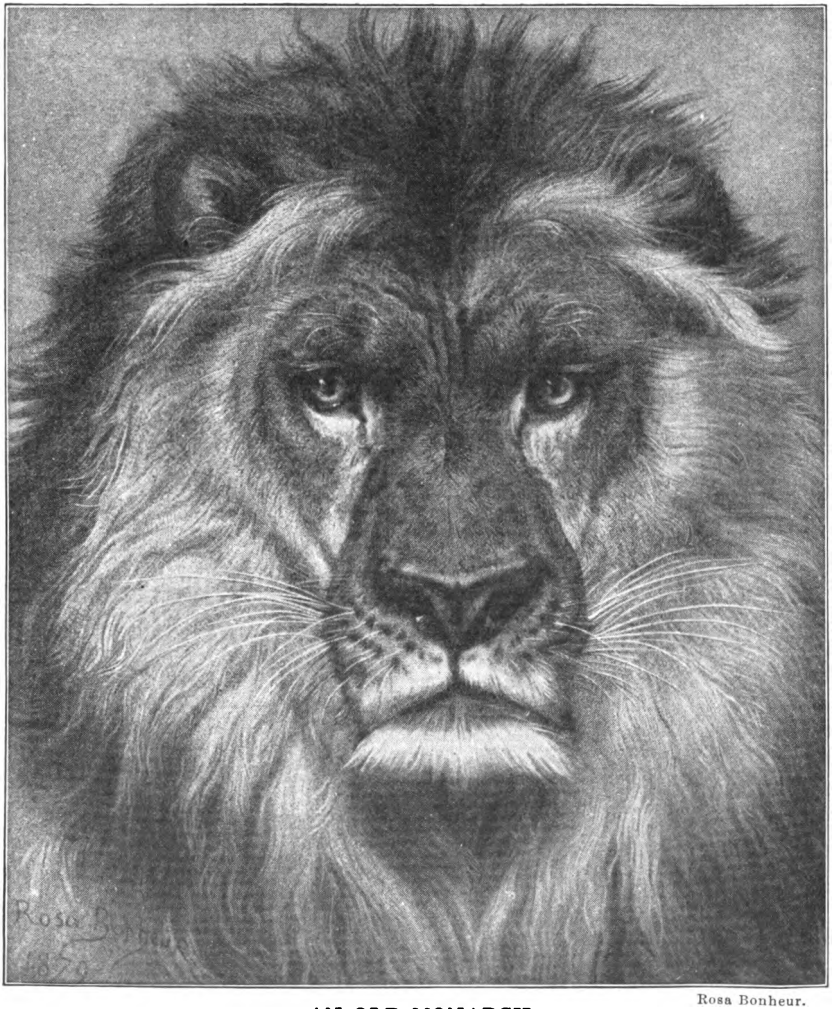

Rosa Bonheur.

AN OLD MONARCH.

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But he was suddenly wakened by the roar of a lion, and in a few moments he heard soft steps at the mouth of the cave. He jumped to his feet, but he seemed turned to stone by what he saw. A great lion stood right in the mouth of the cave!

Androclus expected to be torn to pieces at once, but the big beast did not try to hurt him. There was nothing fierce about this lion. In fact, he looked more like a great, unhappy dog than like a wild beast. He seemed to know that he had found a friend, for he held out a paw as if he were in great pain. Then with a low moan he seemed to beg for pity and help.

Androclus was sorry for him, and pretty soon he walked timidly up to see what was the matter with the lion's paw. He soon saw that there was a long, sharp thorn in it, and with the greatest care, he pulled it out. The lion gave a little howl of pain, but he licked Androclus' hand, as much as to say, "I thank you very much."

And so the two became great friends and lived together in the cave a long time. Every day the lion brought food to Androclus, and every night they slept together in the cave. At last Androclus became very tired of the savage life. He was lonely and longed to see his friends again; but he feared he would be caught if he tried to get back to them.

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One day the lion did not come home from hunting, and that night Androclus slept alone in the cave. The next morning he went out to look for his friend, but he could not find him; and on his way back to the cave, he was caught by some soldiers who had been sent out to search for him.

Part II.

huge	arena	Rome	public
tearing	centre	theatre	prison
holiday	Coliseum (kol′ĭ sē′ŭm)	emperor	sentenced

The soldiers took Androclus back to Rome, and his master had him put in prison. He was tried as a runaway slave and sentenced to be torn to pieces at the public games. "We shall now see if you run away from us again," said his master.

The emperor and the people of Rome were very cruel. They thought it great sport to see men fight with hungry lions. A great theatre had been built for such sports. It was called the Coliseum. In the centre was a large, open space called the arena, and on every side seats rose one above another.

One day there was a great holiday in Rome. There were to be all kinds of games and races in the Coli-

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seum, and when these were over, there was to be a fight between Androclus and a fierce and hungry lion.

The high rows of seats around the arena were filled with the fine people of Rome, who had come out to see the games and the races. But they thought this fight

U. Checa.

RACE OF ROMAN CHARIOTS.

would be the best sport of all, so they shouted and called for the show to begin.

Androclus was led out of prison and left alone in the great arena. There was no one to help him, and there was no chance for him to get away. As he stood there trembling, he heard a great shout, and looking

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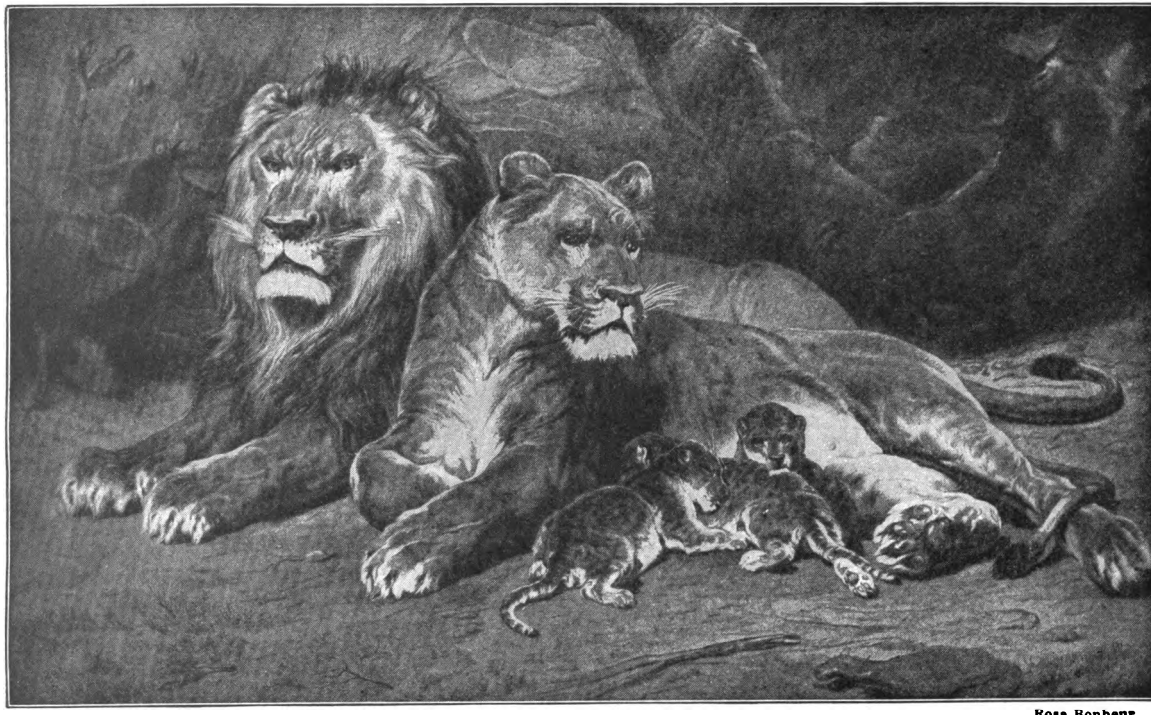

Rosa Bonheur.

THE LION AT HOME.

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around, he saw a great cage rise up from below. In it was a lion that had not tasted food for three days.

A dreadful roar was heard. Then the cage door was thrown open, and a huge lion sprang out and darted toward Androclus. But instead of tearing him to pieces, the lion ran up to him and licked his hands and face. Androclus put his arms around the lion's neck. At last he had found his old friend. The lion had been caught and sent to Rome about the same time that Androclus had been taken there, and after many months, the two friends had met again.

The people were sitting breathless, expecting to see the hungry lion kill the poor slave with a stroke of his huge paw. But when he suddenly became harmless as a lamb, they all stood up in wonder. Surely this was the most wonderful thing that they had ever seen.

They wanted to know all about it, and Androclus told them the story of his living in a cave with a lion. "And this is the very lion, which stands here by my side," said Androclus.

The people were very much pleased. "Let them both live!" they all cried. "Let them both go free!" The emperor said that Androclus should go free and that he should have the lion which had twice spared

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his life. So they lived in Rome for many years, and the man and the lion were often seen walking along the streets together.

BROWNIE AND THE COOK.

Part I.

brownie	neglect	mischief
gossamer	deserved	particular
	Devonshire	

There was once a little brownie, who lived — where do you think he lived? He lived in a coal cellar!

Now a coal cellar may seem a most curious place for one to live in from choice, but a brownie is a curious creature. He is a fairy, and yet not one of that sort of fairies who fly about on gossamer wings and dance in the moonlight. He never dances, and what use would wings be to him in a coal cellar?

He is a sober, stay-at-home, household elf. He is nothing much to look at, even if you should see him, which you are not likely to do. He is only a little old man, about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with brown face and hands, and a brown, peaked cap, just the color of a brown mouse. And, like a mouse, he

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hides in corners, and comes out only after dark, when nobody is about, and so people sometimes call him "Mr. Nobody."

I said you were not likely to see him. I certainly never saw him, and I never knew anybody that did. But still, if you were to go into Devonshire, you would hear many funny stories about brownies in general; and so I may as well tell you about this particular brownie, who belonged to a family there. He had followed this same family from house to house most faithfully for years and years.

A good many persons had heard him — or supposed that they had — when there were strange noises about the house; but nobody had ever seen him except the children, the three little boys and the three little girls. The children declared that he often came to play with them when they were alone, and that he was the nicest companion in the world, though he was such an old man, hundreds of years old! He was full of fun and mischief and up to all sorts of tricks, but he never did anybody any harm unless the person deserved it.

Brownie was supposed to live under one particular piece of coal in the darkest corner of the cellar. Why he had chosen it, nobody knew; and how he lived there nobody knew, either, nor what he lived upon,

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except that ever since the family could remember there had always been a bowl of milk put behind the cellar door for Brownie's supper. Perhaps he drank it, and perhaps he didn't. Anyhow, the bowl was always found empty the next morning.

The old cook had lived in the family all her life, and she had never once forgotten to give Brownie his supper. But at last the old cook died, and a young cook came to take her place, who was very apt to forget everything. She was both careless and lazy, and disliked taking the trouble to put a bowl of milk in the same place every night for Mr. Nobody. "I don't believe in brownies," she said. "I have never seen one, and seeing is believing!" So she laughed at the other servants, who put the bowl of milk in its place as often as they could, without saying much about it.

But once when Brownie woke up as usual at ten o'clock at night, and looked round in search of his supper, he found nothing there. At first he could not imagine such neglect, and went smelling and smelling about for his bowl of milk. It was not always placed in the same corner now, but he could not find it anywhere.

"This will never do," said he. He was extremely

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hungry, and he began running about the coal cellar to see what he could find. His eyes were like a cat's, for he could see as well in the dark as in the light. But there was nothing to be seen — nothing but heaps of coal and coal-dust; and even a brownie cannot eat that, you know.

"Can't stand this," said Brownie. "It is quite impossible!" Then he tightened his belt to make his poor little insides feel less empty. He was so hungry that he seemed ready to eat his own head or his boots. "What's to be done?" said he. "Since no one brings my supper, I must go and get it."

He spoke quickly, for he always thought quickly, and made up his mind in a minute. To be sure, it was a very little mind, but he did the best he could with it.

Part II.

cider	thief	vanished	nibbling	snoozed
boxer	capital	stretched	dangling	tidiness
hearth	Monday	amazement	amusement	remaining

There was not even a cricket singing in the silent house when Brownie put his head out of the cellar door. To his surprise he found the door open. The old cook used to lock it every night, but the young

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cook had left all the keys dangling in the lock, so that any thief might have got in and wandered all over the house without being found out.

"Hurrah, here's luck!" cried Brownie, tossing his cap up in the air, and bounding right into the kitchen. There was no one in the kitchen, but there was a good fire burning itself out, just for its own amusement; and spread on the table were the remains of a capital supper. There was enough left for half a dozen persons.

Brownie screwed up his little old face, and turned up his little button of a nose, and gave a long whistle. You might not believe it, as he lived in a coal cellar, but Brownie really liked tidiness, and always played his pranks upon disorderly or slovenly folk. "Whew!" said he, "here's a chance. What a supper I'll get now!" And he jumped on a chair and thence to the table, but so quietly that the large black cat with four white paws, which was dozing in front of the fire, just opened one eye and went to sleep again.

But Brownie had no notion of going to sleep. He wanted his supper, and oh! what a supper he did eat! He ate first one thing and then another, and then he tried everything all over again. He had to let out his belt several times, and at last he had to take it off. But after he had nearly cleared the table, he

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was just as lively as ever, and began jumping about on the table as if he had had no supper at all.

Now there happened to be a clean, white tablecloth on the table. The cook was very untidy, but this was only Monday, and the cloth had had no time to get dirty. And you know Brownie lived in a coal cellar, and his feet were black with running about in the coal-dust. So wherever he trod, he left black footmarks, until at last the whole tablecloth was covered with black marks.

But he did not mind this. In fact, he took great pains to make the cloth as dirty as possible. Then, laughing loudly, "Ho, ho, ho!" he leaped down on the hearth and began teasing the cat, by squeaking like a mouse, or chirping like a cricket, or buzzing like a fly. And, altogether, he disturbed poor Pussy's mind so much that she went and hid herself in the farthest corner of the kitchen and left him the hearth all to himself, where he lay at ease till daybreak.

Then he heard a slight noise overhead, which might be the servants getting up, and he jumped up on the table again. He gobbled up the few remaining crumbs for his breakfast, and scampered off to his coal cellar, where he hid himself under his big piece of coal, and fell fast asleep for the day.

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The cook came downstairs rather earlier than usual, for she remembered that she had to clear off the remains of supper. But lo and behold, there was nothing left to clear off! Every bit of food was eaten up. The cheese looked as if a dozen mice had been nibbling at it, and had nibbled it down to the very rind. The milk and the cider were all gone, and mice don't care for milk and cider, you know. The apple pudding had vanished altogether, and the dish was licked as clean as if Boxer, the yard dog, had been at it in his hungriest mood.

"And my white tablecloth — oh, my clean, white tablecloth! What can have been done to it?" cried the cook in amazement. For the cloth was covered all over with little black footprints, just the size of a baby's foot. But babies don't wear shoes with nails in them, and they don't run about and climb on kitchen tables after all the family have gone to bed.

The cook was a little frightened, but her fright changed to anger when she saw the large black cat stretched comfortably on the hearth. Poor Muff had crept there for a little snooze after Brownie had gone away.

"You naughty cat," cried the cook. "I see it all now. It's you that have eaten up all the supper. It's

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you that have been on my clean tablecloth with your dirty paws."

They were white paws, and as clean as possible, but the cook never thought of that, any more than she did of the fact that cats don't usually drink cider or eat apple pudding.

"I'll teach you to come stealing food in this way; take that — and that — and that!"

The cook got hold of a broom and beat poor Muff till she ran mewing away. Unfortunate cat! She couldn't speak, you know, and tell people that it was Brownie who had done it all.

Part III.

terrier	nuisance	melancholy	deliberately
accidents	managed	opportunity	mysteriously
exceedingly	cautiously	immediately	extraordinary

The next night the cook thought she would make all safe and sure. So, instead of letting the cat sleep by the fire, she shut her up in the chilly coal cellar, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went off to bed — leaving the supper as before.

When Brownie woke up and looked out, there was

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no supper for him and the cellar was closely shut. He peered about to try to find some cranny under the door where he could creep out, but there was none. And he felt so hungry that he could almost have eaten the cat, which kept walking to and fro in a melancholy manner — only she was alive, and he couldn't well eat her alive. So he merely said politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Pussy?" Of course Pussy did not answer.

Something must be done, and luckily a brownie can do things which nobody else can do. So he thought he would change himself into a mouse and gnaw a hole through the door. But then he suddenly remembered the cat! He had decided not to eat her, but she might take this opportunity to eat him. So he thought it advisable to wait till she was fast asleep, which did not happen for a good while. At last Pussy became tired of walking about, and so she turned round on her tail six times, curled down in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

Brownie immediately changed himself into the smallest mouse possible; and, taking care not to make the least noise, he gnawed a hole in the door and squeezed himself through. Then he immediately turned into his proper shape again, for fear of accidents.

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The kitchen fire was at its last glimmer, but it showed even a better supper than last night; for the cook had had a brother and two cousins with her, and they had been exceedingly merry. The food they had left was enough for three brownies at least, but this one managed to eat it all up. Once he tried to cut a great slice of beef, but he let the carving-knife and fork fall with such a clatter that Tiny, the terrier, who was tied up at the foot of the stairs, began to bark furiously. But he brought her her puppy, which had been left in a corner of the kitchen, and so succeeded in quieting her.

After that he enjoyed himself amazingly, and made more marks than ever on the white tablecloth. He began jumping about, in order to make his particularly large supper agree with him.

Then he teased the puppy for an hour or two, but, when he heard the clock strike five, he thought it as well to turn into a mouse again and creep back cautiously into his cellar. He was only just in time, for Muff opened one eye, and was just going to pounce upon him when he changed himself back into a brownie. She was so startled that she bounded away, her tail growing into twice its natural size and her eyes gleaming like round, green globes.

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But Brownie only said, "Ha, ha, ho!" and walked deliberately into his favorite corner in the coal cellar.

When the cook came downstairs and saw that the same thing had happened again, she was greatly puzzled. The supper was all eaten, and the tablecloth was blacker than ever with the extraordinary foot-marks! Who could have done it all? Not the cat, who came mewing out of the coal cellar the minute she unlocked the door. Possibly a rat — but then, would a rat have come within reach of Tiny?

"It must have been Tiny herself, or her puppy," said the cook. Just then the puppy came rolling out of its basket over her feet. "You little wretch! You and your mother are the greatest nuisances imaginable. I'll punish both of you!"

She quite forgot that Tiny had been safely tied up all night, and that her poor little puppy was so fat and helpless that it could hardly stand on its legs, to say nothing of jumping on chairs and tables. And she gave them both such a thrashing that they ran howling together out of the kitchen door, where the kind little kitchen maid took them up in her arms.

"You ought to have beaten the brownie; that is, if you could have caught him," said the kitchen maid in a whisper. "He'll do it again and again, you'll see, for

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he can't bear an untidy kitchen. You'd better do as the poor old cook did, and clear the supper things away, and put the odds and ends safely away in the pantry." Then she added mysteriously, "If I were you, I'd put a bowl of milk behind the coal cellar door."

"Nonsense!" answered the young cook, and flounced away. But afterward she thought better of it, and did as she was advised. She grumbled all the time, but she did it.

The next morning the milk was gone! Perhaps Brownie had drunk it up; anyhow, nobody could say that he hadn't. Nobody had touched the supper which the cook had laid safely away on the shelves of the pantry. And the tablecloth, which was folded up tidily and put away in a drawer, came out as clean as ever, with not a single black footprint upon it. No mischief being done, the cat and the dog both escaped a beating, and Brownie played no more tricks with anybody — till the next time.

— Dinah Maria Mulock.

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rushy jacket crispy craggy spite

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some live in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.

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By the craggy hillside,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
  For pleasure here and there:
Is any man so daring
  As dig one up in spite?
He shall find their sharpest thorns
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

ULYSSES AND THE BAG OF WINDS.

Ulysses (ū lĭs'ēz)	Æolus (ē'ō lŭs)	avoid	furrow	insane
		duped	control	treasure
services	contrary			

A long time ago people used to tell their little boys and girls some very strange stories. They were not

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exactly true, but the people thought that they were. And all the little boys and girls were certain that they were true.

Some of these stories are very interesting. Many of them are about the wonderful deeds of an old Greek hero named Ulysses. This old hero did so many wonderful things that this book might be filled with stories about him. I will tell you one of them now, and some day you will read others.

Ulysses was living quietly and happily with his beautiful young wife and his little son. He did not wish to leave them; but his services were needed in a great war, and a messenger came to tell him that he must go. Ulysses thought he could fool the messenger by pretending that he was insane. But the messenger was not so easily duped.

One day Ulysses was plowing on the sea-shore with an ox and a horse harnessed together, and he was sowing the field with salt. The messenger placed Ulysses' baby boy in the furrow directly in front of the plow, and Ulysses turned his strange team aside to avoid harming his boy. This showed that he had not lost control of his senses, and so he had to go to war.

Ulysses fought bravely in the long war, and when it was over he took his men in his ship and started for

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home. But the winds blew his ship first this way and then that, and he was ten years on the way. During this time, he went to many strange lands and saw many queer things and queer people.

Heywood Hardy.

ULYSSES FEIGNING MADNESS.

At one time he came to an island which was the home of all the winds. Æolus, the King of the Winds, lived there too. He kept all the winds shut up in a great cave and let them out only one at a time.

Some days he would send out only the gentler winds to play among the flowers. But on other days he would let out the fiercest of them, and tell them to pile up the waves and lash them to foam, tear the sails of all the vessels at sea and break their masts, uproot the trees,

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tear the roofs off the houses, and do all the harm possible.

Ulysses went to see Æolus. The two became great friends, and then Ulysses told King Æolus how long he had been away from home and how anxious he was to see his wife and child. So Æolus promised to help him.

When Ulysses sailed away in his ship, the King of the Winds gave him a queer present. It was a great leather bag tied with a silver string.

You could never guess what was in it, so I shall have to tell you. All the winds but one were shut up in this bag.

"Good-by! A happy voyage!" said the King of the Winds. "I will send the east wind to make your ship sail straight home. Don't tell any one what you have in this bag. Don't open the bag while you are on the sea, but when you are safe at home let the contrary winds out and they will come back to me."

You may be sure that Ulysses took great care of the big leather bag. He told his sailors not to touch it, but they would look at it and wonder what was in it. They thought it must hold a great treasure.

The east wind blew for nine days and nights, and the ship dashed through the waves on its way home. All this time Ulysses did not dare to sleep, for fear

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something might happen to the ship; but at last he grew so tired that he fell asleep. How soundly he did sleep!

As soon as he was asleep the sailors began to think more than ever about the big leather bag.

"I think he has gold in that bag," said one.

"I think that bag is full of diamonds," said another.

Then one of the sailors said: "Let us peep into the bag and see what it holds. Ulysses will never know that we have looked."

The others agreed, so they untied the silver string. Out sprang the winds with a rush and a roar, and in a few moments they stirred up a terrible storm, which soon drove the ship far out to sea. The sea was angry, and it dashed and splashed. The sailors thought the ship would be torn to pieces.

You know that one wind can do much harm. Think what a storm there was when all the winds blew at once as hard as they could!

Ulysses awoke. He saw at once what the sailors had done; but he could not put the winds back into the bag. The storm lasted many days. The winds blew the ship far away over the seas, and after great suffering they landed again on the island where the King of the Winds lived. Ulysses begged Æolus to

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put the winds into the bag again, but he would not do it. He said that those bad sailors must now row the boat all the way home; and so they had to row against wind and wave, and many years passed before Ulysses and his men reached home.

TWO FAIRIES.

dell swell depth

I know where the Fairies dwell:
Down in a dark, green, shady dell,
Where the daisies bloom and the soft winds swell;
There is where the Fairies dwell.

I know where the Fairies go:
Into the heart of the long ago,
Into the depth of the valleys low;
There is where the Fairies go.

I know what the Fairies sing,
Making the fields and woodlands ring:
"Somewhere there is always spring;"
That is what the Fairies sing.

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I know what the Fairies do:
They bring sweet gifts to lives so true,
They brighten the smile in sad hearts, too;
That is what the Fairies do.

I know whom the Fairies love
As up and down the land they rove:
His children below, and the Father above;
These are they whom the Fairies love.

I know the names of these Fairies, too:
"Love" and "Work" are their names so true,
And they'll come to you, and you, and you,
If you love and seek these Fairies two.

A POOR MAN ENRICHED.

hovel	supply	yields	mansion	wizard
misers	estates	gloating	splendor	craving

One day a very poor man was lying on the bare floor of his hovel. He was thinking about rich misers and what selfish lives they led. He was also thinking about the good he would do in the world if he were only rich.

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At last he said to himself: "Is it worth while to be rich if one never does anything but heap up money? What good does money do selfish misers? They only torment themselves with their riches, and get a bad name, instead of making themselves and others happy; and then they die and leave all behind. If riches had fallen to my share, I should have lived in splendor. My feasts should have been talked about far and wide; and I should have done good to others."

Suddenly a wizard, or fairy, appeared and said: "You wish to be rich; I have heard you say why. I am willing to help a friend. Here is a purse for you. There is one gold piece in it, and only one. But as soon as you take one coin out, another will appear in its place all ready for you. So now, my friend, you can grow rich if you wish to. It depends entirely on your own wishes. Take the purse, and freely supply yourself from it until your craving for money is satisfied. Only bear this in mind: *You must not spend a single coin until you have thrown the purse into the river.*"

The poor man was almost wild for joy. He could hardly believe it was not all a dream. But he began to handle the purse, and he had hardly taken out one coin before another was in its place! He said to him-

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self: "I will take out thousands of gold pieces to-day. Then I shall be rich to-morrow, and I will then begin to live like a prince."

But the next morning he had changed his mind. "It is true," he said, "I am now a rich man. But who is not glad to get wealth easily? Why should I not become twice as rich as I am now? I will spend another day taking gold out of the purse. I now have money enough to buy a mansion, a carriage, and a country house; but I might buy estates, too. Wouldn't it be stupid in me to lose such a chance! I will keep the wonderful purse one day longer. I will fast one day more. I shall always have time enough for living in splendor."

But what happened? A day went by, and then a week; a month, and then a year. But the poor man was still busy taking the bright coins out of the wonderful purse. He did not even know how many of the gold coins he had taken out and hidden away in his strong boxes, for he had lost all count of them. But the more he got, the more he wanted. Very early in the morning, before the day began to break in the east, he was back at his task; and late at night, when his day's work was ended, there was sure to be something or other that he still wanted.

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Several times he made up his mind to throw the purse away; but each time his heart grew faint within him. More than once he carried the purse to the bank of the river, but each time he brought it back again.

"How can I part with the purse," said he, "while it yields a stream of gold every day?"

The years rolled on, and the poor man grew gray and thin and as yellow as his gold. He never even thought of living in splendor or of helping others. He had become faint and feeble. Health and rest had deserted him. But still, with trembling hand, he kept taking coins from the purse.

And how did it all end? In the same old hut in which he once lay grumbling about the selfish ways of the rich, and on the very same hard bench on which he used to sit gloating over his wealth, he died at last a wretched old miser, without having enjoyed a penny of his vast wealth.

—From "Krilof's Russian Fables."

LANGUAGE EXERCISE.

Tell the following story in your own language. Make the story longer by telling what you think that the beggar and Fortune said.

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wallet fortune condition consider

A wretched beggar was carrying a ragged old wallet and creeping along from house to house and grumbling at his lot.

Suddenly Fortune said to the beggar: "Listen! I have long wished to help you. Here are a number of gold coins that I have found. Hold out your wallet, and I will fill it with them; but only on this condition: All shall be gold that falls into the wallet; but if any of it falls out of the wallet to the ground, it shall become dust. Consider this well. I have warned you beforehand. Your wallet is old; don't overload it."

The beggar opened his wallet, and the golden stream of coins poured into it. The wallet soon became heavy. "Is that enough?" — "Not yet." — "Isn't it cracking?" — "Never fear!" — "But you are rich now." — "Just a little more. Just add a handful." — "There, it's full. Take care, or the wallet will burst." — "Just a little bit more." But the wallet split, the gold fell through and turned to dust, and Fortune disappeared.

— From "Krilof's Russian Fables."

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THE WISE FAIRY.

waste	pastures	dike	lump	distaffs
salmon (săm'ŭn)	plashing	belike	ditchers	lonesome

Once, in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree.
A dear little, queer little fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward,
She could overlook the land,
And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand.
For she was the friend of the friendless,
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women
Patiently, day by day,
Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.

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And when she saw poor ditchers,
Knee-deep in some wet dike,
Digging, digging, and digging,
To their very graves, belike,
She would hide a shining lump of gold
Where their spades would be sure to strike

And when she saw poor children
Their goats from the pasture take,
Or saw them milking and milking,
Till their arms were ready to break,
What a plashing in their milking pails
Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes, in the night, a fisher
Would hear her low sweet call,
And all at once a salmon of gold
Right out of his net would fall;
But what I have to tell you
Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
Or child, or spinner old,
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,

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Or a coat to keep from the cold,
The gift of the good old fairy
Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or a fisher,
Or spinner, or child so gay,
Bought jewels, or wine or silks so fine,
Or staked his pleasure at play,
The fairy's gold in his very hold
Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by the people
Got open their stupid eyes:
"We must learn to spend to some good end,"
They said, "if we are wise;
'Tis not in the gold we waste or hold,
That a golden blessing lies."

— ALICE CARY.

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THE STORY OF ARACHNE.

A rach'ne	Greece	defects	advice
Minerva (MĪ nĕr'vȧ)	boasting	ceasing	shuttles
determined	condemned	conceited	marvellous

Arachne was a beautiful maiden who lived in a little town in Greece. She was the most wonderful spinner and weaver that ever lived. Her flowers lacked only fragrance. Her figures seemed to move and breathe. People came from miles around to see and admire her work. And they all agreed that Minerva, the goddess of weaving, must have been her teacher.

But Arachne had one bad fault. She was sinfully proud of her wonderful spinning and weaving. Her silly little head had been turned by too much praise. She fancied that no one could equal the work done by her deft fingers. She proudly said that she had never been taught to weave. And at last she said that she would be glad to weave with Minerva to see which had the greater skill.

Her father told her that perhaps Minerva, unseen, guided her hand. But Arachne only tossed her sunny head. She would not listen and would thank no one for her gift. She believed only in herself.

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Of course Minerva heard this, and her heart was full of pity for the foolish girl. But the gods do not like such boasting, and Minerva determined to correct her or to punish her. So one day when Arachne was boasting of her great skill, Minerva appeared before her in the form of a wise old woman, and urged her to give up the plan.

"Have all the contests that you like with human beings," she said, "but do not try to compete with the gods. Remember that it is from them that you derive your power. Can the stream rise higher than its source?"

But Arachne was angry at these wise words, and she replied: "I do not wish your advice. I do not fear the gods, and nothing would please me so much as to match my skill with Minerva's. If I fail, I shall gladly take the punishment. But Minerva is afraid to weave with me."

Then the old woman threw aside her cloak, and assumed her own form. "Minerva is here," she said. "Come, foolish girl, you shall try your skill with hers."

All who stood near trembled, except Arachne. She only tossed her head, and sat down to begin.

Both went to work, and for hours their shuttles flew swiftly in and out. In silence the fair weavers worked, and their webs grew under their deft fingers.

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Minerva, as usual, used the sky for her loom, and in it she wove a picture too beautiful to describe. If you wish to know more about it, look at the western sky when the sun is setting.

Arachne's weaving was wonderful, but it was full of spite and selfishness. She covered her web with scenes showing all the faults and defects of the gods.

When the last finishing touches had all been given, each weaver turned to view her rival's work, and at the very first glance, Arachne knew that she had failed.

Then Minerva touched Arachne's web, and it crumbled to bits, showing how frail and earthly after all was its beauty.

Arachne was so ashamed and miserable that, in her despair, she bound a rope about her neck and hung herself. Minerva quickly changed her dangling body into a spider, and condemned her to weave and spin without ceasing — a warning to all proud and conceited persons.

"You shall not die," said Minerva. "Live and do the work for which you are best fitted. You shall be the mother of a great race, which shall be called spiders."

From that day to this Arachne and her family have been faithful spinners. But they work so quietly and in such dark places that very few people know what marvellous weavers they are.

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W. Grossman.

SPINNING MAIDEN.

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THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

vain	wily	crest	weary	hither
sheets	witty	subtle (sŭt'l)	dismal	snugly
cunning	flitting	counsellor	affection	fiercely

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly: "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome — will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."

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"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wings;
Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and her green and purple hue,—
Thinking only of her crested head,—poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed.
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

—Mary Howitt.

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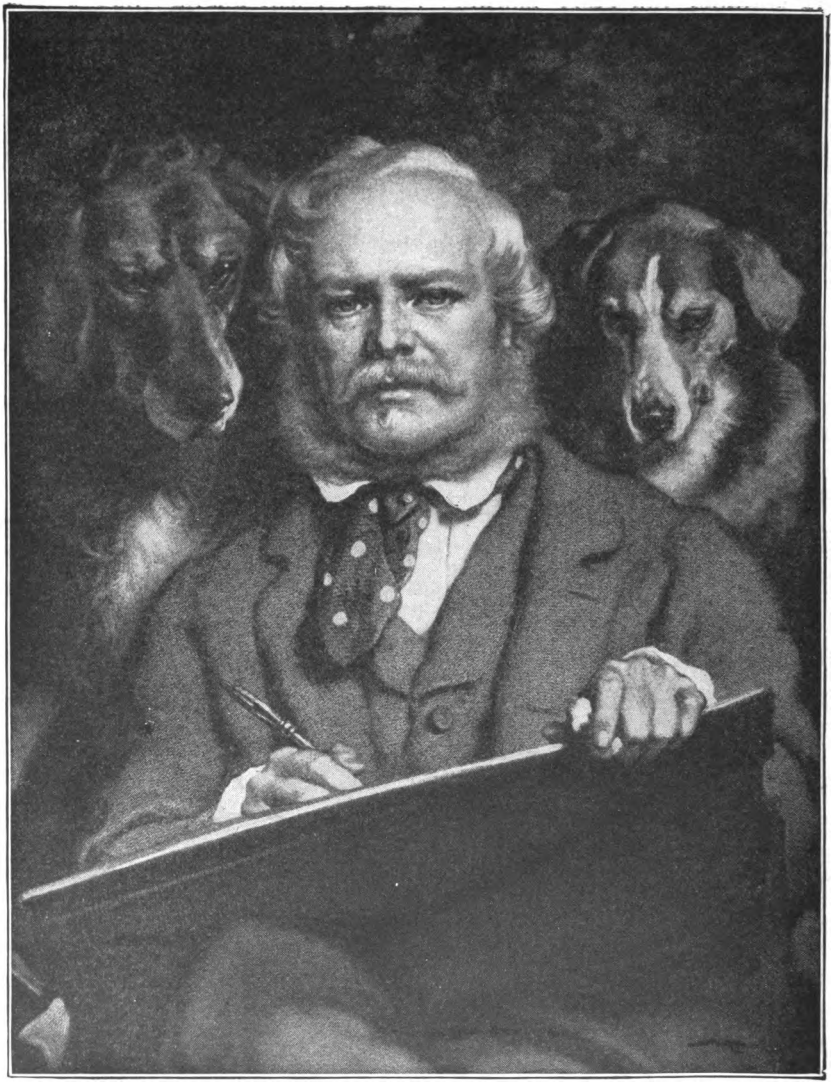

Sir Edwin Landseer.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

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SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

Edwin	studio	taught	quarter
Landseer	sketch	portraits	message
magazines	gradually	principal	relatives

Here is a fine picture of a man who loved animals and painted beautiful pictures of them. His name was Edwin Landseer. He was born in England a little more than one hundred years ago, and he lived to be an old man.

His father was a great lover of art, and long before Edwin and his brothers knew their letters, they were taught to make pictures. Most boys cut pictures out of papers, books, and magazines, but these boys made their own pictures. When Edwin was only three years old, his father would place him on the grass, and put pencil and paper in his hands and let him make a picture of a goat nibbling the grass.

"Well, boys, what shall we draw to-day?" the father would say at breakfast time. Then they would talk it over and vote to decide whether they should draw dogs, donkeys, sheep, cows, goats, or horses. Just for a play spell, the father and his three boys would sit down on the grass every day and sketch some animal. And

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Sir Edwin Landseer.

A DEER FAMILY.

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when Edwin was five years old, he could sketch a sleeping dog as it lay on the floor, better than his elder brothers could.

Gradually the father and the brothers discovered that Edwin could draw much better than they. They could make a sketch of a Newfoundland dog that looked like anybody's Newfoundland, but Edwin could sketch a certain dog, and make the picture look just like that dog.

Rich people wanted Edwin to paint portraits of their dogs, and a studio was opened where the principal sitters were dogs. He soon found himself with more orders than he could well care for and with more money than he knew what to do with. People put their names, or the names of their dogs, on his waiting list, but some of the dogs died of old age before the names were reached.

Just to show his great skill, he once drew two pictures at the same time. He drew a stag's head with one hand, and the head of a horse with the other.

And then he made this picture of himself and his two dogs. How do you think a man can paint a picture of himself? See how carefully the dogs are watching to see that it is done right!

Landseer loved to paint deer. He would climb up

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the mountains to watch them. One time he went hunting with some friends, and they left him with a guide on a runway. The dogs soon started some fine deer which ran close to him, but instead of shooting, he handed the gun to the guide, and said, "Hold this for me!" He then made a hasty sketch of the deer before he had time to forget how beautiful they were. They were so gentle and so graceful, so innocent and so beautiful, that it made him sick at heart to think of following them with dogs and guns simply for the sport of killing them.

Landseer painted more than one hundred pictures of the pets of the royal family, for Queen Victoria, for which he received a sum equal to a quarter of a million dollars. He never married, and at his death, his fortune of three hundred thousand pounds was given to his servants, friends, and relatives.

Landseer did a great work, and the world is better for his having lived; for his message was one of gentleness, kindness, and beauty.

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APRIL.

MEMORY LESSON.

April is here!
There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new;
There's a flash of wings of heaven's own hue;
There's a veil of green on the nearer hills;
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills;
There are stars in the meadow dropped here and there;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air;
There's a dash of rain, as if flung in jest;
There's an arch of color spanning the west;
April is here!

MAY.

MEMORY LESSON.

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about;

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C. Von Bodenhausen.

SPRING

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And nothing in Nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving, bright young May.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

JUNE.

MEMORY LESSON.

There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer.
And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near.
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue.
'Tis the natural way of living.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken Blynken ruffled trundle

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

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All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is the wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

—EUGENE FIELD, "A Little Book of Western Verse." Used by special permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY AND THE WATER BABIES.

Part I.

Arthur	Charles	occur
Maurice	Kingsley	forced

When Charles Kingsley was a little boy, he lived by the sea. He found a great many different kinds of shells along the sea-shore, and some of them were very pretty. When he looked at these shells, he thought about the curious creatures that lived in them. He learned to love the sea. And he learned all about the sea-things and what they do and how they live.

Charles grew to manhood and was married, and had beautiful children of whom he was fond. There were Rose, Maurice, and Mary, and they and their father had great times together. He wrote a book just for them. He called it a little present of old Greek fairy tales. It was all about Greek heroes, and a very fine book they found it. And thousands of other boys and girls have enjoyed reading it.

After this book was written, another little baby came to live with Mr. Kingsley. His name was Grenville Arthur. And when he got big enough to know that his father had written a book just for his brother

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and his sisters, he wanted a book written just for himself. He said that the book about the Greek heroes was not for him because it was written before he was born.

So Mr. Kingsley wrote a book just for his youngest son and all other good little boys. It is a very funny book. He called it the "Water Babies." And he told his little boy that what has been once can never occur again; that people can be little babies, even water babies, only once in their lives, and that even little babies cannot have all they want without waiting for it, and working for it, too.

He also told his little son to read the story nine times over and think for himself. He said it was not good for little boys to be told everything, and never be forced to use their own wits, and that they must take the trouble to find out things for themselves, or they would never grow to be men.

I will now tell you the story of Tom, and how he became a water baby. I am very sorry that I cannot tell you all about the wonderful things that the water babies see and do under the water. But that would take too much space. I hope, however, that every boy and girl who reads this book will read Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies."

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styles	ninety	elbows	business	destroy
sedges	fleeing	peacock	gardener	paddled
Grimes	plunder	steward	Harthover	warbling

Once upon a time, there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the northern part of England, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep. Tom earned the money, and his master spent it. He could not read or write, and did not care to do either. And he never washed himself, for there was no water up the street where he lived.

He cried half his time and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues of the chimneys, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw. He cried when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week. He cried when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week. He cried when he did not have enough to eat, which happened every day in the week.

And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing halfpennies with the other boys, or playing

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leap-frog over the posts, or throwing stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by. This last was splendid fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall to throw half a brick at his horse's legs. But the groom saw him and told him to tell Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, to come up to Sir John Harthover's the next morning. Now Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master. Harthover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man who owned all the land about for miles.

Tom went to bed at seven and slept like a pig, and he was just ready to get up when fine ladies and gentlemen were just ready to go to bed. So Tom and his master set out early in the morning. Grimes rode the donkey in front and Tom walked behind. They went out of the court and up the street, and then out into the real country. They heard the skylark singing his morning songs high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the sedges, as he had warbled all night long.

On they went, and Tom looked and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before. He longed to get over a gate and pick buttercups and look for birds'-nests in the hedge. But Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

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And when they had gone four miles and more, they came up to the great iron gates in front of Sir John's house. Tom stared through the gates at the flowers, which were all in bloom. Then he stared at the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were in it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man's name that built it, and whether he got much money for his job.

These last were very difficult questions to answer. For Harthover had been built at ninety different times and in nineteen different styles. And it looked as if somebody had built a whole street of houses of every imaginable shape and then had stirred them together with a spoon.

How many chimneys Tom swept I cannot say, but he swept so many that he got quite tired and puzzled too. For they were large and crooked chimneys which had been altered again and again, till they ran one into another. Tom fairly lost his way in them, but he did not care much for that, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground. At last he thought he was coming down the right chimney, but he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearth-rug in a very beautiful room.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white

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pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. Tom wondered whether she was a real live person or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and he stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

And looking round he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure with bleared eyes and very white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold! it was he himself reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and he burst into tears with shame and anger. And he turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, but he upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and seeing Tom she screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and, seeing Tom, she made up her mind that he had come to rob,

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plunder, destroy, and burn, and she dashed at him so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom doubled under the good lady's arm, and was across the room and out of the window in a moment.

And the gardener, the groom, the dairy-maid, the steward, the plowman, the keeper, Grimes, and Sir John, all ran up the park, shouting "Stop thief!" They believed that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth of jewelry in his empty pockets, and the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screaking and screaming as if he were a hunted fox.

And all the while poor Tom paddled up the park with his little bare feet, like a small black ape fleeing to the forest.

Suddenly he ran his head against a wall. Now running your head against a wall is not pleasant, especially if a sharp-cornered stone hits you between the eyes and makes you see all manner of beautiful stars. But Tom was a brave boy and did not mind that a penny. And up the wall he went and over it like a squirrel.

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sore	Ellie	heath	trodden
gills	events	meant	governess
trout	pretence	marbles	thoroughly

After his long run Tom felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the water to cool himself. So he went to the bank of the river and lay down on the grass and looked into the clear water. Every pebble at the bottom was bright and clean. The little silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of Tom's black face, and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool! And he said, "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean, I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his old clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. And he put his poor hot sore feet into the water, and then his little legs. And then he was so hot and thirsty and longed so to be clean for once that he tumbled himself into the clear, cool stream as quick as he could.

And he had not been in the water two minutes before he fell fast asleep into the quietest, sunniest, coziest sleep that he ever had in his life. And he

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dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning and the elm trees and the sleeping cows, and after that he dreamt of nothing at all.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple, and yet hardly any one has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

Ah, now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Of course Tom woke — children always wake when they have slept exactly as long as is good for them. And when Tom woke, he found himself swimming about in the stream, being about four inches long, and having round his neck a set of gills, which he mistook for a lace frill, till he pulled at them and found they were part of himself.

In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water baby.

A water baby! You never heard of a water baby! Perhaps not. That is the very reason why this story was written. There are a great many things in the world of which you never heard.

"But there are no such things as water babies." How do you know that? Have you been there to see? And even if you had been there to see, and had seen none, that would not prove that there were none. If a hunter does not find a fox in the woods, that does not prove that there are no such things as foxes.

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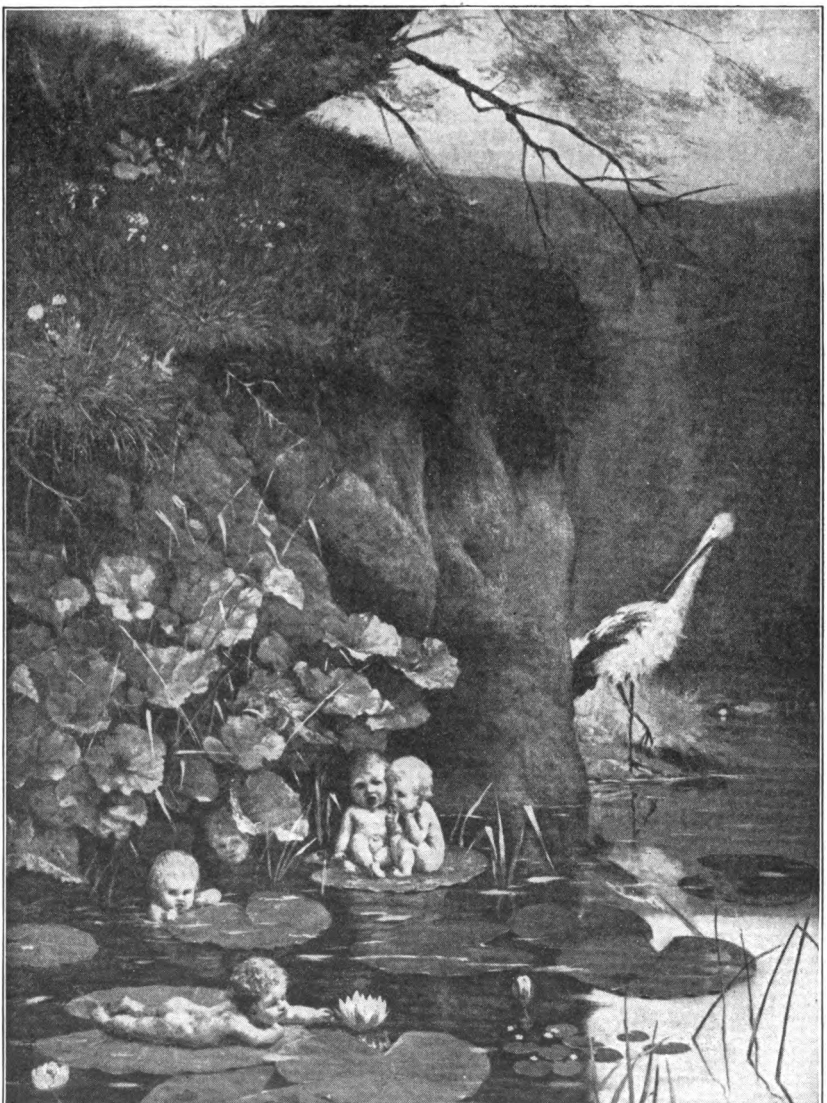

F. Dvořak.

WATER BABIES.

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"But surely if there were water babies, somebody would have caught *one* at least!"

Well, how do you know that somebody has not caught one? Don't tell me about what cannot be, or fancy that anything is too wonderful to be true.

Am I in earnest? O dear no. Don't you know that this is a fairy tale, and all fun and pretence; and that you are not to believe one word of it, even if it is true.

But at all events, so it happened to Tom. And Grimes and Sir John made a great mistake when they found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned. They were entirely mistaken. Tom was quite alive, and cleaner and merrier than he ever had been. The fairies had washed him, you see, in the swift river, so thoroughly that not only his dirt, but his whole husk and shell, had been washed quite off of him. And the pretty little real Tom was washed out of the inside of it, and swam away. We will hope that Tom will be wiser, now that he has got safe out of his sooty old shell.

But good Sir John did not understand all this, and he took it into his head that Tom was drowned. They looked into the empty pockets of his poor old clothes, and found no jewels there nor money — nothing but three marbles and a brass button with a string to it.

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Then Sir John cried, and the groom cried, and the old nurse cried, and the little girl cried, and would not play with her doll for a whole week, and she never forgot poor little Tom.

And Tom was clean. For the first time in his life he felt how comfortable it was to have nothing on but himself. But he did not remember having ever been dirty. Indeed, he did not remember any of his old troubles, — being tired, or hungry, or beaten, or sent up dark chimneys. And, best of all, he had forgotten all the bad words that he had learned from Grimes and the rude boys with whom he used to play.

Tom was very happy in the water. He had been sadly overworked in the land-world, and to make up for that, he had nothing but holidays in the water-world for a long, long time to come. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and to look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot and the frost is never too cold.

Now you must know that all the things under the water talk; only they do not use such a language as ours, but such as horses and dogs and cows and birds talk to one another, and Tom soon learned to understand them and to talk to them.

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But at last Tom grew tired of the narrow river and went down to the great sea. It was many miles, and it took him many days. And perhaps he would never have found the way if the fairies had not guided him, without his seeing their fair faces or feeling their gentle hands.

Now it happened that on the very shore and over the very rocks where Tom was sitting one day, there walked the little white lady, Ellie herself. She slipped and fell about six feet and struck her head on a sharp rock, and lay quite still.

They called to her, and cried over her, but she would not waken at all. So a kind man took her up in his arms, and carried her to her governess, and they all went home. And little Ellie was put to bed and lay their quite still, only now and then she woke up and called out about a water baby. But no one knew what she meant.

And, after a week, one moonlight night the fairies came flying in at the window, and brought her such a pretty pair of wings that she could not help putting them on. And she flew with them out of the window, and over the land, and over the sea, and nobody heard or saw anything of her for a very long while.

Little Ellie was a water baby, too. And one day

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she met Tom. "Dear me!" said the little girl. "Why, I know you. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came down the chimney into my bedroom."

"Dear me!" cried Tom. "And I know you, too, now. You are the very little white lady whom I saw in bed."

And then they began telling each other all their story, how he had got into the water, and she had fallen over the rock. How he had swum down to the sea, and how she had flown out of the window, and how this, and how that and the other, till it was all talked out. And then they both began over again, and I can't say which of the two talked the faster.

Two fairy sisters came to teach the water babies. One was the ugliest fairy in the world, and her name was Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid. The other was the loveliest fairy in the world, and her name was Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. Those who will not listen to the lovely fairy must listen to the ugly one. And the ugly one can never grow so handsome as her sister till people behave themselves as they ought to do. Poor old Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid! If she has to wait to grow handsome till people do as they would be done by, she will have to wait a very long time.

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I cannot tell you what the color of the lovely fairy's hair was, nor the color of her eyes; no more could Tom. When any one looks at her, all he can think of is, that she has the sweetest, kindest, tenderest, funniest, merriest face he has ever seen or wants to see.

One day she had been telling stories.

"Don't go away," said all the water babies. "You have not sung us one song."

"Well, I have time for only one," said the fairy. "So what shall it be?"

"The doll you lost! The doll you lost!" cried all the water babies at once.

So the strange fairy sang:

"I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears;
But I never could find where she lay.

"I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;

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Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old sakes' sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world."

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

FAIRY-FOLK.

aprons counterpanes

The story-books have told you
Of the fairy-folk so nice,
That make them leathern aprons
Of the ears of little mice;
And wear the leaves of roses,
Like caps upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle-down,
Instead of feather-beds!

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies;

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And come into your chambers,
When you are locked in dreams,
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls;
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy-folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things,
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story-books were true.

— ALICE CARY

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